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Mauldeth Road West, Fallowfield.

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## PREFATORY NOTE.

The First Part of this Glossary was published in 1875. The Authors regret the delay in the issue of the present section, which, however, has for various reasons been unavoidable.

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A MONK READING.

*From a Drawing by J. H. Letherbrow.*



## A MANCHESTER ARTIST: JOHN HENRY LEATHERBROW.

BY THOMAS LEATHERBROW.

[An address delivered at a soirée of the Manchester Literary Club, October 6, 1884, on the occasion of an exhibition of the works of the late Mr. John Henry Leatherbrow.]

THAT art and literature go hand in hand in Manchester is a pleasing and noteworthy fact, and none will be disposed to deny that there are no more delightful reunions in the city than those wherein literature and art unite their inspiring and irresistible forces. The blacker our Mersey, Medlock, Irk, and Irwell become, the more incumbent upon us it is to have a pure fountain of Helicon in our midst, round which *all* the muses may join hands and dance.

To-night the Literary Club does honour to the Academy of Fine Arts in the person of one of its members, and in so doing this Club will give to every present, and I may say future, member of that academy a stimulus to exertion. Your worthy and accomplished president having determined to open this session of your Club, and its new home, by the exhibition now on these walls, further laid his benevolent command upon me that I would perform the modest office of giving a sketch, which, though of necessity slight, might convey some idea of the author of these studies, and of the conditions under which they were produced. As to the

studies themselves I propose to say little, preferring to leave them to your own cultivated judgment. But I wish it to be understood that no claim is put forward to any brilliant achievement, or to the possession by the student in question of exceptional powers. I desire to present him, simply, as one who united to some vigour of character rectitude and unity of aim, untiring perseverance, and an undaunted determination to excel.

The words which his mother chose for her epitaph, viz., "She did what she could," might (with due alteration) be inscribed on the stone above *his* grave in the Southern Cemetery of Munich. The sentiment thereof, conveyed in the three pithy words, "Als ikh kan" (As I can, all I can), John Van Eyck was wont to inscribe on his pictures five hundred years ago.

The life which was fated to close by the swift Isar opened by the sable and sluggish Medlock, in the once pleasant suburb of Ardwick, on the 19th August, 1836, but, as the new comer did not belong to a county family, the event made no stir outside the narrow limits of the home circle, and was not, even, announced in the high-priced newspapers of that day.

In due time the Reverend Mr. Mence (ex-chaplain of a man-of-war) taught him the usual branches of a modest education, which, in the view of his pupil, mainly began after he left school; and at the age of seventeen he entered the bank of Messrs. Cunliffes Brooks and Co., where he remained until the year 1875, a period of two-and-twenty years.

When the wheels of time run smoothly, they soon cover a decade or two; yet, smoothly or roughly, change and mutation do not pause. Fathers will die, sons and daughters will marry; others will be left behind. This was Henry's case; he was left with his mother and a faithful domestic, whose years of service in the family numbered more than thirty.

During all this time love of art had grown and strengthened with his growth and strength. It was a passion

Subdued and cherished long;

and he had, long since, resolved that, the moment circumstances allowed it, art should be his vocation. Scrip and purse were ever matters of comparative indifference. Art endows her true disciple with riches which houses and lands cannot confer; her flowing beneficence supplements many shortcomings. She appoints him to be an interpreter of the oracles of nature, an organ through which the universal mind manifests itself. She touches his eyes, and straightway he perceives a new and deeper significance in nature, in art, in history, tradition, poetry, and fable. All this was inwardly felt and devoutly believed by the clerk at his desk, as he patiently bided his time. For his mother, now an invalid, required all the tender offices which, in other years, she had lavished upon him, and he rendered them with his whole heart. It was his daily delight to minister to her with manly strength and womanly tenderness. He remembered the past and the debt he owed, and knew that a more valiant, energetic, helpful, and hopeful soul never breathed than the mother who now required the aid which once she rejoiced in giving. Divested of its element of sadness, no fairer picture of maternal love and filial affection could be witnessed than that which was found in this pure, peaceful, and happy home.

In a higher walk of life, or in the case of brilliant endowments, this sacrifice of self in the pure flame of devotion to another would have been deemed to have had something of the heroic in it. But we know that heroism is a spirit that is native only to other levels of life.

My brother's long vigil came to an end at last; mournfully, yet mercifully. It brought him the freedom he dreaded, the liberty he had long desired. Deep sorrow on

such an occasion is natural and inevitable ; but grief cannot be lasting when memory is unmingled with remorse, and when death does but sanctify anew the beings whom we have loved in life.

We call such a time as this a crisis, when the continuity of internal thought and external action is suddenly broken ; when both are suspended and motionless, and we await the compulsion of time and circumstance to scoop out a new channel. Happy are the living who resolve that their lives shall, ever, be a justification for the love which was borne them by their translated dead, who have a worthy end and aim in life, a height to be climbed, a goal to be won. Our student was on the threshold of the age of wisdom.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,  
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear—  
Then you know a boy is an ass,  
Then you know the worth of a lass,  
Once you have come to forty year !

Both these pieces of wisdom he had, ruefully, realized. No doubt, he had made considerable progress, as some of the drawings on these walls testify ; but the chief wisdom he had learnt was a sense of his own deficiencies. "Know thyself" is, indeed, said to be the highest wisdom. Then came the overmastering desire to mend himself. But the machinery at hand was entirely inadequate. Manchester had no master of art ; the body might be there, but it was without a soul. It was not in him to lower the level of his aim in order that he might enjoy the complacency of success. He felt that he had no business to consider himself a painter at all, to say nothing of attempting the noblest subjects of art, until he had served a laborious apprenticeship in a severe school of draughtsmanship ; had undergone a careful course of dissection ; and had studied colour and composition under the best men that could be found. He



wanted a school where everything could be learnt. His was no fit of hysteric enthusiasm. He knew that much would be required to work out his idea, and that toil and want would be his inseparable companions. Dusky but dear old Manchester, and the pure freedom of home life, must be exchanged for a foreign city, and narrow, irksome lodgings among strangers whose very tongue must, for a time, be alien. Dear relatives, firm friends, close companions, and the out-door exercises in which he indulged with them, all must be given up.

The physical exercise which our student was loth to abandon was the game of lacrosse, in which he was a proficient, and which, subsequently, he tried to introduce (in vain) into Germany; the mental, moral, and spiritual exercise which it grieved him deeply to forego, he found in the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Parker, to whom he had been long and sincerely attached. He was given to hero-worship; where he admired, it was with a whole heart, with an unwavering faith. He realized that saying of Carlyle, that "it is the very joy of a man's heart to admire, where he can; that nothing so lifts him from all his mean environments, were it but for moments, as true admiration." In his beliefs he was equally fixed, holding with the same writer that "belief is indeed the beginning and first condition of all spiritual force whatever."

The question as to what school you should prefer is difficult and embarrassing. France, Germany, Belgium, Italy, present a variety of schools; England, I suppose, with its central city of the world, does not count. Our student had been over to Antwerp, and inquired closely into the system pursued there. He had gone over specially to assist at the tercentenary of Rubens, for he had a deep admiration of the wealth and power, the richness and fantasy of the genius of the great Fleming. Paris, too, he had visited, and was

drawn towards the grace and beauty of the French school ; but, as might have been expected, its spirit and tendency were alien to his ideas. Then there was Rome, that Parnassus of painters, with the twin thrones on which Raphael and Michael Angelo are seated.

Many painter-pilgrims to the Eternal City have exclaimed with Goethe, "a true new birth dates from the day I entered Rome." Thorwaldsen was wont to say, "I was born on the 8th of March, 1798; before that day I did not exist." Time will not permit, neither does the occasion warrant, my giving an account of the revival of art in Rome under Cornelius of Dusseldorf, nor of the principles on which it was founded. Under the influence of what may be called the literary club of Rome (Bunsen, the Schlegels, Novalis, Tieck, Niebuhr, &c.), Louis I. of Bavaria summoned to his aid the leaders of the new school, Cornelius, Schnorr and others, and, by sound judgment and princely expenditure, made Munich one of the great art centres of the modern world. The spirit of this new school was eminently religious; its aim was to awaken devotional feeling, and to spread the influence of Christianity by means of pure and noble art. In the classical creations of the Glyptothek and the Christian compositions of the Ludings Kirche, in Munich, we see the measure of the genius of these men, and, although after them came Kaulbach and Piloty, their influence has not been lost. The school is, probably, the most comprehensive in existence, being Christian, classic, romantic, national, naturalistic; its unity has ended in variety, and it is based, as all schools should be, upon form. The schools of Greece and Italy were founded on this principle, but in those of Venice, Flanders, and Holland, colour was the leading idea.

In two of the adjectives I have just used in describing the German school might be summed up my brother's character,

viz., "Christian and romantic;" it was, therefore, in the nature of things that he should gravitate to the school of Munich.

What that school is he described in the following letter, addressed to Mr. Councillor Rowley:—

Munich, 24th February, 1879.

For method of study here we have, as a preliminary, drawing from the antique, for entrance into which the applicant is allowed to make a study in the antique saal (or room), and is given a week or more to finish in, ere he is finally admitted; if this drawing be satisfactory, the professor (the student can choose any one of the three) admits him, and then it is that he (the professor) signs his papers and the student pays his fees to the secretary. A student may draw in any material he likes (save colour), and at the expiration of a session, or earlier even, if his progress has been rapid, he may notify to his professor his desire to enter the nature school. The professor will help him to this advancement the moment he can do so to the pupil's benefit, although the Council of the Academy are desirous that thorough work should be done in this initial period, yet they don't hinder or cripple the student by insisting on terms and periods of remaining in certain classes. If the work done under the supervision and teaching of a master is not deemed of sufficient merit, and the advancement of his pupils not commensurate with the expectation of the Council, that master or professor is released at once from his post, is pensioned, and another man takes his place. There is no nonsense about age, servitude, or the like; if he is deemed to have lost his faculty of bringing out good draughtsmen, then he goes, and, as I said above, is pensioned. I said that any material may be used in which to work; perhaps it would have been better to have said any of the following three—pencil, crayon, charcoal, but the latter is preferred, as being simplest in its working and its more readily being removed in correcting. The pupil is left to himself, too, as to method of drawing, but yet is taught to draw entirely and solely by the eye, measuring by that alone, so that he may have command and judgment without extraneous aid and materials the simplest. If he prefers what is called "the scientific method" (heaven bless it!) as I stated, he can indulge in his rule and compass, only that the professor will tell him to draw "höchst einfach" (or in the simplest manner).

When competent, the student is drafted into the nature school, where he studies in black and white (as in the antique) from the life, but heads only, no drapery, except just that lying around the neck and to the shoulders. Here he comes in contact with another lot of professors, some of whom go in for colour (*i.e.*, strength so far as black and white can represent colour), and others prefer the absolute drawing of the object in from the delicate line, with all the subtlety which nature is so jealous of a fellow finding out. To me this is a fine method, and you'd be astonished at what is produced here. It may be as well to tell you here that one of the great aims to which a student is directed, I may say the chief aim (at this period of his career), is the motion, cast, or, as the

Germans say, "die Bewegung" of the object, and notably is this insisted upon in the winter session, during which we have the nude model (always male) every night (Sundays excepted) from five to seven o'clock. The schools are open from eight a.m. to twelve noon, and from two till four p.m. in the winter, and in summer an hour earlier and one hour later in the evening. No part of the day is left unoccupied for "loafing," for from the closing of the schools at four p.m. lectures are given from that hour until five p.m. on art history, perspective and anatomy from the actual body, which is dissected before our very vision and is described minutely so far as the artist is concerned in its outer configuration, down to the third layer of muscles. The students are not treated as though they were boys, although if the professors find that one is not diligent, or absents himself, they pass him over and don't correct his work; this is both a rebuke and a loss, and such a fellow soon is brought to himself. For these two schools—antique and nature—silver and bronze medals are awarded, but to obtain the former the work exhibited must naturally be exceptionally good, and for the latter of good average merit. From this latter school students go into the painting school presided over by the first painters of Munich, and in these studies are painted of life-sized nude figures and heads. Some of these heads are in costume, giving colour and contrasts, but these latter are held to be quite subordinate to the qualities of flesh-painting. From here you go into the Composition School, and where great ability is discovered, and there is room, you are given an atelier to work in free of cost, and you have it entirely under your own control and can paint to your heart's content. There is a library, of course, attached to the place, and what books are too valuable to lend out to so irreverent a multitude of nationalities you can refer to on the premises. If a student desires to consult any work (that may be lent out) not in this library, but which may be found in the Bibliothek (containing nine hundred thousand volumes, besides MSS., &c.), he can obtain such by speaking to the secretary of the Academy, who will sign a document on his behalf. Besides all this, the student has access, without any trouble and no vexatious annoyance of formulæ but what is of the simplest kind, to the great Dinakothek, the National Museum, and other institutions which are inaugurated for art culture. If the student wishes to go to the principal theatre where the finest plays are enacted, with reliable costume to boot, he goes at a cheaper rate than anyone else; if he is sick he pays two marks (two shillings) for the whole year, and is attended to, fed, and nothing wanting which will entirely restore him.

Where are such conditions, taken in their entirety, in the whole world? And then, a student can live here more cheaply than elsewhere, if he like to do so, and, contrarily, as dearly too. Although the fees are still cheap, they are double what they were when I first came here. I think about £2 would cover the whole year's fees. In the summer months, during two days in the week, the school for studying the bones and muscles is open for those who are not off to the mountains. This school is superintended by that veteran in fine drawing, Strachuber, a name too little known outside his own country; but, dear fellow, although with as much fire and enthusiasm as a youth, age is laying his cruel hand upon him, and I fear he, too, ere long, will be superannuated, and the Life Class and the Antique School will lose their chiefest man.

Could Manchester lay her hand upon a second such, a school might arise which would add another coronet to those which she already possesses, that, of course, would be on our supplementing the efforts of such a man, with adequate means in supporting him.

No stippling do you find here, and no tricks of style or dandyism, but a manly endeavour to get hold of the very essence of the very best thing and in the simplest way.

My own want in my own city is what I have found here, and until such is planted in duplicate there, a foreign country is a necessity to a student in art.

Veneration for those in authority was a characteristic of the writer of this letter; he set a high value on the sympathetic friendship which ought to exist between master and scholar. Of his Professor he wrote thus:—"Professor Straehuber is still living, and I have had some talk with him. I told him how his work was appreciated in England, and how I, individually, admired his Bible illustrations. He's a fine, enthusiastic, old fellow, and, in his early days, I am told, was the best fencer in, or about, Munich. Even now, he fires up when you talk about art. He declares that, 'were he to begin life again, he would, to be an artist, live upon bread and water all his days.' He is, in my judgment, the best draughtsman in Munich. I constantly tell the students that they don't value him enough." In another letter he says:—"To-day I got a correction from him, amounting to a line here and a bit of strengthening there, but nothing material. I have fixed the same, in order not to lose his corrections." (All these corrections by his Professors he religiously preserved, and you will find a number of studies marked "Corrected by Straehuber, Benczur, Defregger, Raab, &c.") Again—"He and I are good friends, and shake hands when we meet. His models are better, and superior in pose to those of other professors, and he is always there to be consulted; taking the 'coal' and making masterly contours, and beautifully true and characteristic drawings of the bones in peculiar positions. But if he has an impression that you are inattentive, and do not love your art, he simply leaves you to get along as you can."

Assuredly no such charge could be brought against him, as the great number of fine and conscientious studies he has left abundantly proves. He was inspired by the great works he saw around him, and would not be satisfied with less than they possessed. Having learnt to appreciate the value of labour and of opportunity, he would often be at the academy at half-past five a.m., in order to obtain a good place at the "natur kopf." The diary he kept shows how assiduously he worked from day to day at the academy and at his atelier, and with what an earnest desire to advance. He knew that, at his time of life, it was difficult, if not impossible, to step forth with new and powerful productions, but he was bent upon doing all he could, and upon every study he made from life or nature he might have inscribed Van Eyck's confession, "Als ikh kan." Among the youth of so many nationalities, it was inevitable that there should be much effervescence of animal spirits, but our student's presence was a protest against all abuse of language and waste of golden opportunities. He realized the truth so finely expressed by Emerson, "the days come and go like muffled and veiled figures, and if we do not use the gifts they bring, they carry them silently away." The foolish practice of duelling still obtains among the students, but this did not prevent my brother from making their bones ache if they persisted in transgressing the limits of propriety. Here is an extract from one of his letters (February, 1878): "I was told the other day that there was not a sketch book in the akademie that did not contain a sketch of the Young Englander boxer, a name and reputation I have earned by giving a few of them a smack in the ribs for sundry impertinences, since which they have become very pleasant fellows, and will do anything for me. The faces of the university men who prowl about present a woful spectacle of cutting and slashing from the Schläger. The

comical thing is their pride in the same, even using means to prevent the wounds from healing, and to make the gashes as lasting and ugly as they can. We have one such in the akademie whom I chaff about the scar on the confines of his mouth, as if just about to enter it, to its widening." Such is a brief glimpse of the academy and its inner life.

When I visited my brother in the bright city, where the warlike and picturesque yesterday of six hundred years ago (when everybody did wrong according to his pleasure) stands amid the peaceful common-place of to-day, a city inhabited by the descendants of the tribes who colonized "the ground of the monks," on the breaking up of the Roman empire; when I saw the clear skies, the bright sunshine, the marble temples, triumphal arches, palaces, frescoes, and the human life which seemed imbued with the spirit of art, I rejoiced that he had left the murk and gloom of Manchester, for the the old monkish city where art and ether may be breathed together. To the unimpressionable and phlegmatic the difference would have been considerable; to him, with his vivid and emotional nature, the change must have been great indeed! Internal emotions and external influences were now in harmony; and the dream of the past was a present reality.

The academic culture, the sympathetic fellowship between professor and pupil, delighted him; his place among the body corporate of students, with their communistic life also suited him. In their talents and accomplishments he found full scope for admiration and also for hope; and he heartily sympathized with their noble spirit of emulation; their ardent desire to excel; their thirst for fame, and their delight in labour, by which, alone, these objects are to be realized. Then their bohemian habits (sternly limited in his case) suited the romantic side of his character, as did the circumstance that the traditions of the people and their



artistic impulses, no less than their scenic and sculptured streets, lent themselves readily to the free life of nature, to pageantry and the picturesque, to masque and revel. Time will not permit me to speak of the annual festivals of the academy, into which professors and pupils entered with extraordinary energy and vivacity, making them vehicles for the acquisition of knowledge of history, decoration, and design. For anything I know to the contrary, these kneipe may be a modern version of the Olympian games of Greece, of which, in some respects, they remind us. In those games, as we know, the greatest men appeared in the lists; Plato among the wrestlers at Corinth, and Pythagoras, who carried off the prize at Elis. I fear we have travelled far from those glorious days; otherwise, how instructive, how delightful it would be to see our Plato and Pythagoras (shall we say the presidents of the Literary Club and of the Academy of Arts?) clutch and try a fall before their delighted adherents!

The love of costume had ever been prominent in my brother, and it must, always, be an important branch of the figure-painter's studies. Now he dwelt among a people who had a national costume which, in all its quaintness of form and wealth of colour, was still to be found among the country villages; and he was ever alert to discover and eager to possess whatever heirloom in dress, decoration, utensil, implement, or anything which worthily illustrated the art or the life of old years and a mighty people. In this way he collected for future use, and as a storehouse of ideas and examples, a museum of everything which a painter might, by possibility, want (and in his view this appeared to include everything under the sun), dresses, draperies, tapestries, head coverings of every kind, and feet coverings, from the boots of Bombastes to the sandal of the monk and the slipper of Cinderella. Books, too, by the bushel, engravings by the folio, all bearing upon the same aim and end, viz., the fur-



nishing of an atelier in England when he had completed his course. And that course was, now, not far from completion. He had given seven years of unceasing toil to studying the mechanism and language of art, and it was time to turn his thoughts towards England, and put into practice the skill he had acquired. The diary I have alluded to shows to what an extent he had adhered to his intention of plain living, and with what Spartan firmness he had carried it out; taking his meals at the café, and dining on a few pfenning, although he well knew that there were those in England upon whose loyalty he might confidently rely. In this diary, too, under the head of Sunday, there is an unvarying entry, showing that he remained indoors reading, and dining on bread and milk. In the afternoon some friend calls and they go into the country. The day is spent in reading the Scriptures, in thought and self-examination, and in the study of that glorious illuminated missal outside the walls of the city, whose letters are red-roofed villages, green forests, golden corn fields, purple moors; lakes of azure, emerald, and amber; and whose border is an alpine range, with its shifting lights, and its unchanging snows. In one of the villages near Munich, on the Isar, King Louis I. has erected a memorial to a painter who once dwelt there; one whose very name is a note of melody, associated with conceptions of classic grace, of harmony and beauty; of endless, airy space; of the glimmer and glamour of blue horizons, and of a land where it is always afternoon. The name I allude to is that of Claude Lorraine. Of him Ruskin says that his aerial effects are unequalled. Humboldt well speaks of him as the idyllic painter of light and of aerial colour; and Sir Joshua Reynolds used to say that there would be another Raphael before there was another Claude. In his pictures,

. . . . . Universal Pan  
 Knit with the graces and the hours in dance  
 Leads on the eternal spring.

It is a pleasure to know that he enjoyed the noble views which Harlaching affords, and the noble skies by which they are often glorified. For, owing to the level of the plain being about as high as the summit of Snowdon, to the absence of coal smoke, and the presence of a vast mountain range, the skies of Bavaria are spacious and splendid; and from his village on the arrowy Isar, Claude Gélée must have seen and enjoyed much grand cloud-architecture floating in unfathomable fields of air.

Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish,  
A vapour like a bear or lion;  
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,  
A forkéd mountain or blue promontory,  
With trees upon't that nod unto the world  
And mock our eyes with air.

That which is now a horse  
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct  
As water is in water.

Sunday and holiday rambles had made him familiar with a hundred places such as Harlaching, and with many renowned for natural or acquired beauty, with the woods of Grosshesselohe, and the Roman castle on the Isar; with the English garden, and with Nymphenburg, whose groves and fountains, lakes, waterfalls, and temples are fit to be a haunt of the muses. All these places, endeared by loveliness or the power of association, he must now leave, together with all the friends and affections he had formed. In the midst of his preparations he received a cordial invitation from the worthy member for East Cheshire, Mr. W. Cunliffe Brooks, to spend a time with him at Antibes. He therefore travelled through Italy, by Genoa and the Riviera, to the old Phœnician city and to the cape, that glorious garden by the midland main. It was in the early part of last year, and with such hospitality, such scenery and surroundings, such glory of light and colour and climate, he had great enjoyment. Here he was invited by Lord Francis Cecil to cruise

with him in his yacht, with the intention of sailing as far as the peak of Teneriffe. Unfortunately the weather became rough, a dangerous gale blew, and the vessel was buffeted by wind and sea to the verge of endurance.

My brother's sufferings were so great that he asked to be put ashore on the coast of Spain. The first port they made happened to be Barcelona, where he left the yacht to pursue its voyage. With the Spanish cathedrals he met in his way, with Barcelona and Tarragona, he was greatly delighted, and wrote to me glowing descriptions. But he was evidently very ill with bronchial affection. He hastened back to Antibes, and thence retraced his steps to Munich by Mantua and Verona, sketching as he went. Reaching home, he applied himself to finishing his work and bringing his affairs to a conclusion. I do not think, however, that he was ever well again. When he wrote he told me that he was fighting against the disease with all his resolution, and employing all the remedies experience had taught him to use. I afterwards had the sorrow of learning that he had kept his bed in his atelier for a whole fortnight, with no one attending him save the house frau. Finding he grew worse, he went to the hospital to which all the students go when they are ill. Alas! it was too late! All that skill and care could do in that admirable institution was done, and he was daily visited by such dear friends as Henry Ing, Samuel Richards of Indiana, the Reverend Mr. Blomefield, the English chaplain and his wife, and by the skilful and energetic Dr. Schrieber, who had just returned from a tour round the chief hospitals of America. At first he would not allow that I should be written to, because of what he called the trouble and expense of my coming. But Mr. Ing wrote, and I hastened thither with my son. He knew us instantly, as the door opened, and waved a joyful recognition with thanks and blessings on his lips.

During two mournful days we saw him ; on the morning of the third he had gone.

Thus at the shut of ev'n the weary bird  
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake  
Cowers down and dozes till the dawn of day ;  
Then claps his well-fledged wings and bears away.

On leaving him the previous evening, Mr. Richards said "I will come again to-morrow." "Yes," he replied, "you will come to-morrow, but I shall be over the river ; adieu, Deutschland ! adieu, friend !" He waved his hand, and his sorrowing companion parted from him for ever. The grief of the academy was extreme ; the students adjourned their class next day, and, later, six of the most stalwart bore him to his grave in the beautiful southern Campo Santo.

It is thought by many that the practice which prevails in Munich of exposing publicly the dead has the effect of blunting the finer feelings of our nature. Such was not my impression. I felt gratified by the absence of the "trappings and the suits of woe" from the open air and the blue sky. I saw our student reclining on a bed of dark green laurels, his face (without a trace of age or pain) an ivory effigy from a finer hand than that of Phidias. Death gave him the chaplet which life denied. The stony terrors of the grave itself were modified ; the mound from which I addressed the sorrowing throng of professors, students and friends, was covered with a thick carpet and background of pine boughs, so that he seemed to be left sleeping, in colossal calm, in the lap of nature whom he had loved so well. Many great ones lie around him, many friends and fellow-students, but none who have striven harder, with higher aims or deeper devotion than he, and none who have lived a purer, a more blameless life !





## THE WORK OF THE SPENSER SOCIETY.

BY W. R. CREDLAND.

SEVENTEEN years ago a number of gentlemen, among whom were the late Rev. Thos. Corser, James Crossley, and others, came to the conclusion that, although the Early English Text Society was doing good and valuable service to the cause of English literature, its labours might be very fittingly and usefully supplemented by another society, which should take up the task of reprinting the scarce productions of our early writers where they left off. The Early English Text Society, having confined themselves mainly to the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, it was thought desirable that the two succeeding centuries should be treated with like consideration. For although the first of these centuries witnessed the revival, and in one or two forms the consummation, of English literature, and although the names of those who wrought out for themselves and us this high distinction are as familiar in our mouths as household words, and their works never far removed from our hands, yet it was felt that much valuable work might be done by rescuing from comparative oblivion the writings of others who, though not the great men of their day, were yet possessed of some of the divine sparks of genius, and had left behind them work that would help to throw light upon the causes of the literary pre-eminence of the times in which they lived. It is well known that the

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sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were prolific of good writers whose merits are recognized and appreciated by those who know, but whose misfortune it has been to be over-shadowed by the vast personality of the greatest geniuses that our literature has produced. Amongst these, especially in the sixteenth century, are a number of poets whose books, or at any rate some of them, exist only in unique copies, or in very few, and these for the most part are in the possession of private individuals. To reprint a number of these works was the first object of the society. It was also the wish of the original founders not merely to produce reprints of the books selected for that purpose, but to give them as nearly as possible the character of fac-similes, and so enable the reader to have the works before him, not in that modern dress which Charles Lamb so emphatically denounced, but in the typographical attire of their day. The society was also limited to two hundred members, and only the number of copies required to supply them were struck off. Therefore these books, though they may find a place on the shelves of the bibliophile, will still remain scarce, and no doubt desirable to the public. In its inception the society had the advantage of drawing for its material upon the fine library collected by the Rev. Thomas Corser. This library, before its dispersion under the hammer of the auctioneer, was, perhaps, the richest in early poetical literature of any private library in the country. Partly by the desire of Mr. Corser himself, the first works undertaken for reproduction by the society were those of John Taylor the Water Poet, and George Wither the poet and politician of the Cromwellian period. Of the works of these two writers Mr. Corser's collection was the largest that has ever been got together, and the society undertook to print it in its entirety. Every work of John Taylor accessible to the Council, or of the existence of which they had any know-

ledge, has been reprinted, whilst of the writings of George Wither very few more remain unprinted, and these it is proposed to issue occasionally. It may be said that no such collection of the works of these two copious authors exists in any library, public or private, as has been issued by the Spenser Society.

The works of Taylor form a folio and five goodly quarto volumes. The folio volume of *All the Works of John Taylor* is reprinted in fac-simile from his own edition of 1630. Its engraved title-page has a "sculpture" of the author, who must have been a very modest man if he were satisfied with that caricature, for we have it on good authority that he was a "very personable man, with strongly-marked features, a moustache, a bald head, and a lame leg." John Taylor was born in Gloucestershire, of poor parentage, and was at an early age apprenticed to a waterman of London. He followed this laborious calling for many years, producing at the same time poems which were printed in small pamphlets, and for the most part given away or sold for a trifle. These were afterwards collected in his folio volume of *All the Works*, &c. His eye, however, was by no means closed to his own interests, as is evidenced by the efforts he made to ingratiate himself with England's Solomon, King James the First. The death of Prince Henry gave him a splendid opportunity for exercising his talents as an extempore sycophant, the result being his doleful poem "Great Britain all in Blacke," which appeared in 1612. This was doubtless useful to him, but his innate restlessness and versatility combined to set him wandering to and fro on the earth. The whimsical accounts, partly in prose and partly in verse, which he gave of his various journeys form the bulk of his later productions. The most valuable of these, and perhaps the most entertaining, is his "Pennyless Pilgrimage," in which he undertook to visit Scotland on foot,

without carrying money or begging by the way. How he succeeded in this scheme—how he fared by the way—what manner of people he met—and the adventures that befel him are all narrated with much shrewdness and no little humour; and the insight that he thus gives us into the every-day life of those days is of much interest and of great historical value. He lived through the reigns of James I., Charles I., and long into the Commonwealth. He found the latter but troublous times for him, and was put to the final shift of hawking books for a livelihood. He died in 1653, at his house, the Poets' Head, in Phoenix Alley. It cannot be said that there were many of the elements of greatness about quaint old Taylor. His writings are strongly tinged with the absurd euphemism of his time, and there is more of quip and crank and merry conceit in him than of solid substance. The title he chose for himself was applicable enough, for there is much water in his poetry. Pope has immortalized him in the "Dunciad" thus:—

Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar,  
Once swan of Thames, though now he sings no more.

But from their excessive rarity it may have been useful, for the satisfaction of lovers of old books, to reprint the whole of his works; though there is much amongst them that might, without any loss, have been allowed to remain in well-merited oblivion.

In Wither we have a man of very different calibre, whose works, however, are perhaps less known than those of Taylor. This is no proof that they deserve to remain unknown, and the society has been well advised in bringing the delightful productions of this old singer once more under the notice of the public. Everyone will remember that charming song beginning—

Shall I wasting in despair  
Die because a woman's fair,



which appears in a poem of his entitled "Faire Virtue;" and there is much more in his works that is truly admirable poetry, replete with fancy, sparkling with playful humour, and polished to a delicate and refined beauty. His writings, as so far issued by the society, occupy sixteen quarto volumes, and their last issue is a reprint of the folio edition of his *Preparation to the Psalter*. The *Juvenilia* is a collection of his early poems, which appeared originally in 1626 and 1633, and are here reprinted in three volumes. These are followed by six volumes of miscellaneous works; and then we have the *Halehujah*, a series of religious poems issued just before the beginning of the Civil War, the *Britain's Remembrancer*, a poem in which was embodied his experiences during the great plague in London, his poetical translation of the *Psalms*, and other works. The *Preparation to the Psalter* well exhibits the serious bent of Wither's mind, and shows him to be a man of great earnestness and no little erudition. He is included in the Rev. R. A. Wilmott's *Lives of Sacred Poets*, and some of his hymns still form part of the Church collections. Wither was a great favourite with Charles Lamb, who possessed a copy of his works, whose margins he has used for copiously annotating many of the poems which gave him pleasure. This volume is now in the hands of Mr. Algernon Swinburne, who has written an article upon it which will shortly be published.

Interspersed with these more extended productions of the society are several smaller volumes of those pleasant collections of short pieces which were so popular with our ancestors. Amongst these may be mentioned the *Zepheria*, reprinted from the original edition of 1594. This is a collection of sonnets by an unknown author, who has come under the influence of that love of Italy and things Italian which was so prevalent in Queen Elizabeth's time.

These sonnets, addressed to a lady, are light enough as their name implies, but they are not without a touch of sweetness, and here and there a fine thought finely expressed. The first book issued by the society was John Heywood's *Proverbs and Epigrams*. Heywood was of a festive turn of mind, and was endowed with a rich vein of humour and sarcasm. These qualities made him a favourite at the court of Henry VIII., and even the stern Queen Mary did not discountenance him. He is best known as an epigrammatist, and his collection of *Proverbs and Epigrams* forms the earliest specimen of that kind of literature in the English language. Then we have Watson's *Passionate Centurie of Love*, Robinson's *Handful of Pleasant Delites*, and Bodenhams's *Belvédère, or Garden of the Muses*—a selection of extracts from the poets, under headings such as Kings, Patience, Lust, Death, &c. Very little is known of Bodenhams, but his *England's Helicon* is one of the most charming anthologies of early English poetry that we possess, and a reprint of it is promised by the society. Churchyard's *Worthiness of Wales* and Anthony Copley's *A Fig for Fortune* complete the list of the works issued up to the present time. Churchyard deserves to be better known than he is at present, and the society have it in contemplation to reprint other of his exceedingly scarce books. It is perhaps worthy of note that this reprint of the *Worthiness* was made from the beautiful copy of the original edition in the Chetham Library.

In the seventeen years of its existence the society has issued thirty-seven volumes, being rather more than two issues per year. Those books have been edited with great care by men fully competent to do justice to the task they had undertaken. They have in more than one instance been reprinted from unique copies of the original, and they have as far as was possible been produced in exact fac-simile, so

that the original, with all its quaint and pleasing idiosyncrasies of typography, is practically placed in the hands of the modern reader. No expense has been spared to make the printing, paper, and general get-up of the works such as would do credit to the library of the lover of books ; and much anxious thought has been expended in the selection of those productions which, while they would be pleasing and acceptable to the members and possibly also to the public, would deserve the honour which reproduction would bestow upon them.

The volumes produced up to the present time form a collection highly creditable to Manchester enterprise, taste, and cultivation ; and it is earnestly to be hoped that the society will be sufficiently well supported to enable them to continue the good work.





## PETER PINDAR AND THE BEST OF KINGS.

BY J. G. MANDLEY.

A KNOWLEDGE of the private life and personal character of an author, more especially of a poet, is not always requisite in order to understand or to appreciate his writings. But if we wish to judge fairly of Dr. Wolcott's honesty of purpose in the vigorous attacks he made, and the opprobrium he cast upon so many of the most notable personages of his time, we must know something of the man himself and of the life he led.

John Wolcott (or Wolcot), so long known to fame as "Peter Pindar," was, then, the second son of Mr. Alexander Wolcott, and was born, in 1738, at Dodbrooke, a village situate in that part of Devonshire which has been called the "Garden of England." His early education was obtained at Kingsbridge School, conducted by a Mr. Morris, who, we are told in a memoir of the poet published in 1799, was "an exceeding good scholar, a man of amiable manners, and a Quaker." Being intended by his parents for the medical profession, young Wolcott was sent to Normandy to perfect his studies, and on his return he was apprenticed, for seven years, to an unmarried uncle who was established as a

surgeon-apothecary at Fowey, in Cornwall. That the future great satirist began his studies in medicine at the very root of the science, by being initiated in the mysteries of the pestle and mortar, we may gather from several of his poems. He tells us, for example :

The lad who would a 'pothecary shine,  
Should powder claws of crabs, and jalap, fine ;

and "must learn to boil glysters—nay, to give them too." Yet despite the many hours daily that he had to devote to his shop duties, he steadily applied himself to the cultivation of his mind, being a diligent reader of polite literature, and also an ardent student in the art of drawing.

Although it was fully understood that the young doctor—Wolcott had taken the degree of M.D. at the University of Aberdeen, 8th September, 1767—was to succeed his uncle in his business, he appears not to have been content with his prospects ; for on hearing, in 1768, that Sir William Trelawney, a distant relation of his, had been appointed to the Governorship of Jamaica, he solicited and obtained the post of medical attendant in his suite, and accompanied him on the voyage. Enchanted with the luxuriance of the vegetation and the general beauty of Madeira, Wolcott, while the ship lay in the harbour of that island, wrote "some exquisite sonnets" on the scenery around him.

Nominated, in 1769, by the Governor as Physician-General to Jamaica, the young adventurer was practising with considerable success, when the death of the incumbent of a valuable living in the island appears to have given a new bent to his ambition. "Whether," says one of his contemporary biographers, "his practice had not been sufficiently lucrative, or what other motive might have actuated him, we know not, but certain it is he looked upon the vacant rectory with a wishful eye. The physician of the body accordingly commenced physician of the soul, and actually

officiated for a considerable time in this capacity, reading the prayers of the Church of England, and preaching occasionally." The same writer adds: "In order to remove every suspicion of *intrusion*, it is but just to remark that Dr. W. was regularly ordained by the Bishop of London." This statement is repeated by the poet's recent biographers, one of whom (in Allibone) says "he was ordained during a visit to London, and returned to Jamaica as a clergyman, yet amused himself there by shooting ring-tailed pigeons on a Sunday." That Wolcott was regularly ordained has, however, been repeatedly denied, and much controversy has taken place on the point. In a memoir of the author, prefixed to the *Works of Peter Pindar*, published in 1809—an edition evidently brought out under Wolcott's personal supervision—we are told: "He returned to England to obtain orders and, if possible, the vacant living; but, notwithstanding the powerful recommendations he presented to the Bishop of London, that prelate refused him ordination, and the living being soon filled up by a regular clergyman, Mr. Wolcott declined applying in any other quarter for admission to the Church, and reverted to a profession for which, it is no great disrespect to say, he was far better qualified." The Rev. Richard Polwhele, in his *Traditions and Recollections*, tells us that the bishop's refusal to ordain Wolcott was "on account of his premature assumption of the clerical office." In disproof, however, of these very positive statements we have the fact that Wolcott's letters of ordination were later on found in the possession of his relation, Mrs. Giddy, of Penzance; and the following details, given in the *Bibliotheca Cornubiensis* (1878), ought to set the matter at rest. Wolcott, it is there stated, was ordained deacon 24th, and priest 25th, June, 1769, by Dr. Richard Terrick, Bishop of London. He became incumbent of Vere, Jamaica, in 1772, and returned to England in 1773.

The death of Sir W. Trelawney having led to the return of Lady Trelawney to England, Wolcott accompanied her in H.M. frigate "Leostoffe." On the way the frigate put into Teneriffe, and that island, we are told, "became the scene of several of the doctor's sonnets." When finally settled down in this country, the doctor established himself at Truro, where he practised for several years (1773 to 1779), and, it is said, with considerable success. Unable, however, to repress the satirical vein and sense of the ridiculous so strong within him, he made many enemies there; and, having got into a lawsuit with the Corporation, in consequence of his refusal to have a parish apprentice forced upon him, he decided to quit that neighbourhood for "a sphere more congenial to his talents and disposition."

One incident, however, in the history of the doctor's life at Truro deserves honourable mention. In his rides through the village of St. Anne's his curiosity was aroused by seeing some rude drawings, likenesses chiefly, which gave indications of uncommon ability. Finding that the artist was entirely self-taught, and merely a parish apprentice to a carpenter, he took the lad under his protection, gave him lessons in drawing and painting and the requisite materials to pursue his studies, and "led him to aspire to fame and fortune." Had the once greatly-renowned historical painter, and Royal Academician, John Opie, not had the good fortune to fall under Wolcott's notice, it is just possible that he might have escaped similar observation altogether, and have continued through life his work in saw-pits, or on the roofs of houses, as an ordinary country carpenter, and his highest work of art might have been some sign for a village ale-house. From Truro the doctor went to Helston and, it is said, to other towns in Cornwall, probably experiencing successive disappointments in his attempts to establish himself as a physician, and he finally (in 1780-81) removed to

London, taking young Opie with him. As Wolcott did not engage in the practice of physic for several years after taking up his residence in the capital, he may have had to rely upon his muse alone for his support. But as he came into possession, while at Truro, of some two thousand pounds, bequeathed to him by his uncle, the Fowey apothecary, and might have saved money during the seven or eight years he practised in Cornwall, it is more probable that he had other means, and was, therefore, not so poor as many of his poems would lead us to imagine.

The first of his works to attract public attention was his ludicrous poem, "An Epistle to those Literary Colossuses the Reviewers," originally published in 1777, while he was still in Cornwall. Occasional poems followed, and shortly after his arrival in London, he began, under the *nom de plume* of "Peter Pindar, Esq.," his famous attack on the Royal Academicians. From that time onward until within some five years of his death, or say throughout a period of about thirty-five years, Wolcott's pen was never idle. Hence the great extent of his poems and other literary productions.

In *Watt's Bibliotheca Britannica* there is a list of seventy of his publications, but this does not comprise the whole.

That Wolcott was well read in both ancient and modern literature, was an able art critic, and that he took a lively interest in the political and social events of his time, a mere glance through the edition of his works published in 1809 will suffice to convince any one. Of his proficiency in Latin we have ample evidence, not only in his frequent quotations, but in the poems he composed in that tongue. The facility with which he could versify in English from Latin is shown by the following anecdote. In the year 1776, a boy at Truro School (the future Rev. Richard Polwhele, antiquary, historian, and poet) had given to him for translation, as an exer-



cise, a Latin epigram on "Sleep." He took it to young Wolcott, who, in a few minutes, rendered it thus :—

Come, gentle sleep, attend thy vot'ry's prayer,  
And tho' death's image, to my couch repair;  
How sweet, thus lifeless, yet with life to lie;  
Thus, without dying, Oh how sweet to die !

John Taylor (*Records of My Life*) tells us that the doctor had also made considerable progress in Greek, and that he drew likenesses admirably.

It is not my intention to give even a general outline of the infinite variety of subjects which form the themes of Wolcott's verses. To do so would, indeed, far exceed the limits of a single paper. I have, therefore, chosen few beyond such of his satires as were levelled mainly at King George III. Of these, "The Lousiad" is not only the most important, but its first *canto* seems to have been the opening shot of the desultory, but long-continued, fire he brought to bear upon that monarch. To those who are not well acquainted with the political and social history of England, from the death of George II. to the outbreak of the Revolution in France, nor with the real character and private life of George III., the full force of the shafts aimed at the king, in this poem, will not be apparent, and much of the humour of the satire will be lost. But to those who have a fair knowledge of these matters, "The Lousiad" amuses by its wit and humour, while it arouses indignation by its daring, and occasionally most cruel, mendacity. The incident on which this poem is founded is thus gravely related by the poet himself: "It is necessary to inform thee (the reader) that his majesty actually discovered some time ago, as he sat at table, a louse on his plate. The emotion occasioned by the unexpected appearance of such a guest can be better imagined than described. An edict was, in consequence, passed for shaving the cooks, scullions, &c., and the unfortunate louse condemned to die."

Contemporary writers mention this ludicrous mandate and the commotion it gave rise to; but while one writer insists that the cause of the edict was literally a louse, another affirms that it was only a human hair that the king found on his plate "among some green peas," and that Peter changed the hair "by virtue of the *licentia poetica* to a living animal."

"The Lousiad" opens thus:—

The Louse I sing who, from some head unknown,  
Yet born and educated near a throne,  
Dropp'd down—(so will'd the dread decree of Fate)  
With legs wide sprawling on the monarch's plate:  
Far from the raptures of a wife's embrace,  
Far from the gambols of a tender race,  
Whose little feet he taught with care to tread  
Amidst the wide dominions of the head;  
Led them to daily food with fond delight,  
And taught the tiny wand'ers where to bite;  
To hide, to run, advance, or turn their tails,  
When hostile comb's attack'd, or vengeful nails:

The "luckless louse," aware of his danger, soon looks out for a hiding place, but

Vain hope of stealing unperceiv'd away!  
He might as well have tarried where he lay.  
Seen was this Louse, as with the Royal brood  
Our hungry king amus'd himself with food;  
Which proves (though scarce believ'd by one in ten)  
That kings have appetites like common men;  
  
Paint, heav'nly muse, the look, the *very* look,  
That of the sov'reign's face possession took,  
When first he saw the louse, in solemn state,  
Grave as a Spaniard, march across the plate!

The dismay of the king is depicted in a series of similes, through which Peter contrives to tell of the horror occasioned his majesty by Fox, "that cunning enemy of old," when attacking the royal prerogative, and by Burke, when limiting, through the action of the "Board of Green Cloth," the daily supplies of food for the royal table, and also to

repeat many a nasty bit of society scandal, foreign as well as domestic.

When the king sufficiently recovers from his fright to give vent to the "dire emotions" that shake him, he calls the queen's attention to the horrid thing; but the indifference manifested by her majesty, and also by the princesses, to the presence of so hateful an object provokes the king, who angrily rebukes them.

The trembling pages are each asked in turn whether that be *his* louse, but every one disowns it. A new idea then strikes the king; the crawling visitor must have come from the head of one of the cooks. He swears vengeance, and declares that every man in or about the kitchen shall be shaved, and forced to wear a wig.

The consternation and disgust which the news of the king's resolve causes in the royal kitchen, and the outburst of indignation it excites, are so graphically told that the whole scene seems to be in play before our very eyes. Led off by their burly chief, each of the servants, in turn, excites his comrades to resist the mandate.

An ignoble feature in the character of our poet was his innate aversion to foreigners, and positive hatred of those in the king's service. To such an extent did he entertain that animus that the mere fact that Sir W. Chambers, R.A., was by birth a Swede seems to have contributed in no small degree to provoke him to persist in the injurious attacks he made upon the architect of Somerset House. But I doubt whether in the whole range of satirical poetry, from Juvenal's "Sixth Satire," to Byron's "Sketch" of Lady Byron's Maid, anything so bitter, so insulting, or so persistent can be found as Wolcott's attacks on the Mistress of the Robes, Madame Schwellenberg.\*

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\* The very prominent part that lady plays in this poem, and the gross, nay ribald, attack made upon her, seem to call for some comment. As described

"The Lousiad" afforded ample scope for the gratification of the doctor's anger, or spite, against "Old Schwellenberg," and through the speeches of the servants, and in many a lengthy simile, he holds her up to public scorn and ridicule. "Buxom Nanny," a female servant, and a personal attendant on the king, comes in for a few unpleasant remarks, while the Prince of Wales is eulogized in terms that read to us like caustic irony. The poet was fond of finding comparisons in the action of food undergoing the process of cooking. But it may be of some interest to know that what English folk have put before them now is pretty much what was put on the table a hundred years ago. The cook-major exclaims:

Sooner shall ham from fowl and turkey part !  
 And stuffing leave a calf's or bullock's heart ;  
 Sooner shall toasted cheese take leave of mustard,  
 And from the codlin-tart be torn the custard !

by Frances Burney, Madame Schwellenberg, her "dreaded Cerbera," was irritable, ill-natured, jealous, and, where her own comfort was concerned, selfishly regardless of the annoyance, or, indeed, the suffering of her involuntary associates. But we may safely discount largely these grave charges, as the authoress of *Evelina* was, in her *Diary* at least, not only given to make an immoderate use of strong adjectives, in "gush" and in censure, but to praise and to blame too greatly. Moreover, we must remember that until the arrival of Miss B. at the palace, Madame S. had no rival there, either in the confidence of the queen, or in the attentions of the equerries and the distinguished visitors at the palace, who always sat at her table. She—an almost chronic invalid—saw herself in danger of being supplanted in the apartments of the queen, as she saw she had actually been supplanted in her own rooms, by the famous novelist and brilliant conversationalist, yet one so much younger in years and in office than herself. The regard in which "the Schwellenberg" was held by their majesties (of whose sweetness, amiability, and goodness of heart, Miss Burney never tires of writing), and the kindness shown by the old lady to Miss B. when about to resign her office—a step, whether jealous of her or not, the old lady very strongly discountenanced—sufficiently prove the falsity of the hideous character given her by Wolcott. Miss Burney, in fact, at the close of her palace life seems to have become conscious that she had, perhaps through misunderstanding Madame S., or jealous herself of the superior position belonging to the old lady, blamed her too severely, and says of her: "Madame S., with all her faults, is heart and soul devoted to her royal mistress with the truest faith and loyalty."

The next speaker is evidently a pot-house politician, and an admirer of Wilkes :

"Rouse, Opposition!" roar'd a tipsy cook,  
With hands akimbo, and bubonic look;  
" 'Tis she alone our noble curls can keep—  
Without *her*, Ministers would fall asleep:  
'Tis *she* who makes great men—our Foxes, Pitts,  
And sharpens, whetstone-like, the nation's wits:  
Knocks off your knaves and fools, however great,  
And, broom-like, sweeps the cobwebs of the State!"

A scullion, a scullion's mate, and an understrapper turn-broche—this last, "in all the foaming energy of pride," denounce the edict, and threaten *retaliation*. Encouraged by the general disaffection exhibited, a yeoman—evidently imbued with the doctrines of Tom Paine and with the philosophy and republicanism just then beginning to have a terrible realization on the other side of the Channel—unburdens his mind :

"Are these," he said, "of Kings, the whims and jokes?  
Then Kings can be as mad as common folks.  
Dame Nature, when a Prince's head she makes,  
No more concern about the inside takes,  
Than of the inside of a Bug's or Bat's,  
A Flea's, a Grasshopper's, a Cur's, a Cat's!"

Continuing in this strain, and denouncing the royal misuse of the nation's money, "so lightly asked and so freely granted," he bursts out :

Ah, me! did people know what trifling things  
Compose those idols of the Earth call'd *Kings*,  
Those counterparts of that *important fellow*,  
The Children's wonder—Signor Punchinello;  
Who struts upon the stage his hour away;  
His outside, gold—his inside, rags and hay;  
No more as God's Vicegerents would they shine,  
Nor make the world cut throats for Right Divine!

He scoffs at the reverence paid by the people to those "lords of the earth," and characterizes them as very ordinary mortals, oftener in intelligence, culture, and self-restraint, below than above those who serve them; and exclaims :

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How taken is this idle world by show !  
 Birth, riches, are the Baals to whom we bow ;  
 Preferring, with a soul as black as soot,  
 A rogue on horseback to a saint on foot.  
 See France, see Portugal, Sicilia, Spain,  
 And mark the *desert* of each Despot's brain ;

The cook-major now begins to fear that he has raised a storm he may not be able to allay ; he applauds the speeches, but counsels moderation at the first, and suggests a petition to the angered king.

Canto the second begins with a series of invocations, abounding in whimsical conceits and mirth-exciting imagery. Invoking aid from the "nymphs of the sacred fount," the poet complains of the degeneracy of modern poets, their miserable condition, and that many are forced "through jails to explore the road to Fame :"

Like souls of Papists in their way to glory,  
 Doom'd at the half-way house, call'd Purgatory,  
 To burn, before they reach the realms of light,  
 Like old tobacco pipes, from black to white.

From the nymphs he turns to Apollo, the "great patron of the double quill, that slays by rhyme and murders by a pill," and thence to Conscience :

Conscience, a terrifying little sprite,  
 That, bat-like, winks by day, and wakes by night.

The injurious libel on the king touching some diamonds of immense value, sent him as a present by the Nizam through the hands of Warren Hastings, but which rumour said were the property of Hastings, and by him given to the king as a bribe to condone his conduct in India, is here cleverly repeated, the placing of these diamonds in the Tower being attributed to the "whisperings of Conscience."

The dead hero of Plassey is not spared the lash :

Oh *Conscience!* who to Clive didst give the knife  
 That, desp'rate plunging, took his forfeit life ;  
 Who, lawless plund'rer, in his wild career,  
 Whelm'd *Asia's* eye with woe, and heart with fear ;

Whose wheels on carnage roll'd, and, drench'd with blood,  
 From gasping Nature forc'd the blushing flood;  
 Whilst *Havock*, panting with triumphant breath,  
 Nerv'd his red arm, and hail'd the hills of death.

From Conscience the poet turns to Fame, and then, ceasing his invocations, continues the story of his epic. Madame Schwellenberg has heard of the louse, and, bent on mischief, hobbles to his majesty to foment his anger. The king she finds in all the bitterness of wrath:

"O Swelly!"—thus the madden'd monarch roar'd,  
 Whilst wild impatience wing'd each rapid word;

The utterances of the king are always short, fragmentary exclamations of oft-repeated words, or, as the poet has it—

The broken language that his mouth affords  
 Are heads and tails, and legs and wings of words,  
 That give imagination's laughing eye  
 A lively picture of a giblet pie.

The king tells his "Swelly" the story of the louse, and his resolve. She, of course, counsels him to be firm. The "Lords of the Green Cloth," one of whom, Sir Francis Drake, is heavily hit, are then adroitly brought under the lash. The scene then changes to the royal larder, and a cheerless account is given of the fare, utensils, and furniture with which the "knights of the spits and stewpans" are provided, their dinner being but mere blended scraps of fish and meat, served in saucepan-lids, eaten without knife and fork, and washed down with cold water. The poet moralizes on the want of consideration shown by the wealthy to their poorer brethren, and tells, by way of illustration, his powerful and well-known "Story of a Beggar and a Nabob." The rest of this canto is made up of fresh speeches by the cooks, which, though somewhat coarse in language and in the figures they employ, are exceedingly amusing.

The third canto opens with what Peter is pleased to term

"A sublime, natural, and elegant description of night." Digressing from the sublimity of the allegory, the poet abruptly leads us to contemplate this charming picture :—

His wisdom dead to sublunary things,  
In leaden slumber snor'd the *best* of kings ;  
In slumber lifeless, with seraphic mien,  
Close at his back, too, snor'd his gentle queen.

Ever ready to pay a tribute of praise to the beauty and gentle nature of the princesses, the description of them in their sleep is graceful and pleasing. Night sounds in the country and in the town are powerfully, yet most humorously, described. Returning to narrative, the poet tells of the flight of Fame to Discord, "the shaving tale to tell :"

Discord, a sleepless hag who never dies,  
With snipe-like nose, and ferret-glowing eyes,  
Lean, sallow cheeks, long chin, with beard supply'd,  
Poor crackling joints, and wither'd parchment hide,  
As if *old drums*, worn out with martial din,  
Had clubb'd their yellow heads to form her skin.

In describing the dwelling of Discord some heavy blows are dealt at "those whose noisy names in history rang," and the queen is lengthily abused. Her majesty is a fierce *vixen* :

Her sons abusing (in abuses old)  
With all the fury of a German scold.

Assuming the form of Madame Schwellenberg, Discord hastens to Buckingham House, and whispers in the ear of the king to show his authority, and then, assuming the voice of a kinder German dame of the palace, she sits at the bedside of the major and prompts him to rebel.

The cook-major awakes, and, reared in bed, soliloquizes, in no loyal strain, on kings in general and his royal master in particular. He then rises, lights his candle, and goes to rouse the other cooks.

With that close attention to minor details, always introduced with a fine perception of artistic effect, and which



considerably enhances the charm of Wolcott's poems, the mere lighting of the candle, but by the old process of flint and steel, is graphically described, and ends, as usual, in a laughable simile. In sullen anger, mingled with grief, the assembled cooks sit ruminating round the kitchen fire, and their hopes and fears give rise to a host of similes, affording ample scope for the poet to launch his "thunderbolts" at several of his old victims, and to moralize on the manners of the age. Could we believe him sincere, the "tender and just Apostrophe to the frail Fair ones in the Cyprian trade" would raise him in our esteem.

The fourth canto is comparatively a short one, being chiefly narrative. But the speeches of the wives of the cooks, and of the clerk of the kitchen, who is constantly checked by the whisperings of Prudence, exhibit much wit and humour. There is, however, less strength and imaginative power shown in this canto than in the other parts of the poem. Towards the close, the king enters on the scene, "Firm for the shave, yet with kingly smiles," and, in a characteristic speech, he tells them he will "not let slip a single head:"

Thus spoke the king, like ev'ry king who gives  
To trifles, lustre that for ever lives.  
Thus stinking vapours from the oozy pool,  
Of cats and kittens, dogs and puppies full,  
Bright *sol* sublimes, and gives them golden wings,  
The cloud on which, some say, the cherub sings.

Canto five starts out with the earnest pleadings of the good-natured Princess Royal on behalf of the cooks. Her "surly sire" refuses to hear her, and, calling her "Miss Pert," elbows her aside:—

Far from the wrathful king the maid withdrew,  
And veil'd her modest beauties from his view.  
Thus when the virgin morn her blushes spreads,  
And paints with purest ray the mountain heads;  
Behold, those blushes so divine to shroud,

The surly Boreas gathers ev'ry cloud ;  
 Bids the huge phalanx seek the smiling east,  
 And blot the lustre of her crimson vest :  
 From pole to pole extends the black'ning band ;  
 Cloud pressing cloud, obeys his rude command :  
 In tears she moves away, the heav'nly maid,  
 And leaves him monarch of the mighty shade !

Cowed by the anger, and dazed by the gold-laced coat, of the king, the spurious valour of the "Lords of the Sauce-pans," and the rank rebellion of their indignant spouses, soon vanish. The recital of this surprising change in the demeanour of the cooks gives rise to another of the poet's happy similes, in which he describes a phenomenon frequently witnessed in the West Indies, when the sky by the wildness of its aspect portends a hurricane, yet gradually resumes its wonted brightness without the occurrence of the threatened tempest.

Dark grows the sky, with gleams of threat'ning red ;  
 All nature dumb, the smallest zephyr dead—  
 Bird, beast, and mortal, trembling, pausing, still,  
 Expectant of the tempest's mighty will :  
 Tremendous pause ! when lo, by small degrees,  
 Light melts the mass ; with life returns the breeze ;  
 And *Danger*, on his cloud, who scowl'd dismay,  
 Moves sullen with his threat'ning glooms away.

The audacious ridicule of the king's manner of speaking is even surpassed in the broken English and frequent oaths with which the queen is supposed to express herself. In order to console the cooks for the loss of their locks, the king promises to pay for the wigs they will be forced to wear. But Avarice whispers in his ear that he ought to quickly withdraw that promise. We then have a powerful yet humorous description of that "ancient dame," and the mean, miserable practices she is capable of. A little further on the poet digresses to dilate on Ambition, "the queen-passion of the soul," and the follies she compels her votaries

to commit. Boswell's great idol figures unpleasantly, in company with other great folk, in illustration of this common failing :

Ambition made sour Johnson lick the throne,  
And blink at ev'ry merit but his own.

The cooks peacefully submit to be shaved, and the king, in order to show the justice of his edict, produces the louse, which he has preserved in a pill-box. Speech is given to the little crawler :

The vermin rising on his little rump,  
Like ladies' lap-dogs, that for muffin mump,

tells his history ; how he and his wife, Lousilla, passed from the head of a page into the locks of Cowslip, the dairymaid, and thence—desiring to better their condition—to settle on the head of the king, where they “nestled” in his “little lock behind,” and brought up a large and interesting family.

“Lies ! lies ! lies !” reply'd the furious king,  
“’Tis no such thing ! no, no, ’tis no such thing.”

In his anger the king aims his vengeful nail at the louse's skull ; but Zephyr, having compassion on the little “Son of Nit,” comes to his rescue and carries him off to “Berenice's Locks,” and ultimately transforms him into a planet. He is then discovered by Herschel, who, in honour of the king, names him *Georgium Sidus*—(a name since rejected by astronomers, who have agreed among themselves to style the planet *Uranus*). As the incident on which “The Lousiad” was founded happened in 1786, while Herschel's discovery of the planet was made in 1781, the poet commits an anachronism ; but Herschel was a *foreigner*, befriended by the king, and Wolcott may have desired to conclude his epic with parting kicks at both.

As already said, a long interval appears to have elapsed between the publication of the second and the appearance of the third canto of “The Lousiad.” During that interval

Dr. Johnson died, and, as Wolcott says, a number of people, "ambitious of being distinguished from the mute part of their species, set about relating and printing stories and bon-mots of that celebrated moralist," and

From beggars, to the great who hold the helm,  
One *Johnso-mania* rag'd through all the realm.

This was far too tempting an opportunity to use the lash to be disregarded by our satirist, and he quickly was among the *scrap-mongers*. His "Epistle to James Boswell, Esq.," must have delighted the non-admirers of that worthy, but was as bitter as gall to Boswell himself. Following this epistle came "Bozzy and Piozzi," which, after "The Lousiad," is the longest, and perhaps the most truly enjoyable, of Wolcott's poems. Although the king did not figure very prominently in these two poems, the poet's attack upon him soon began again, and with increasing virulence. The nature of the poems following "Bozzy and Piozzi" is well described by the satirist himself:

Just as the maggot bites, I take my way—  
To Painters now my court respectful pay;  
Now (ever welcome !) on the Muse's wings,  
Drop in at Windsor, on the *best of kings*;  
Now, at St. James's, about Handel prate,  
Hear odes, see lords and 'squires, and smile at state.

In his "Ode upon Ode, or a Peep at St. James's," which includes his well-known "Story of a King and a Brickmaker," and "The Apple Dumpling and a King," and in his "Instructions to a celebrated Laureat," in which appears his highly-amusing tale, "Whitbread's Brewery visited by their Majesties," and in many succeeding poems, Wolcott not only insults, but often grossly slanders the king and queen. The most artful, and at the same time the most cruel, stabs he gives the king are by the invidious comparisons he makes between his majesty's attainments, personal bearing,

and private conduct with those of the Prince of Wales, whom Wolcott purposely eulogizes in the most extravagant terms, and without the slightest regard to truth.

In most of the short memoirs of Dr. Wolcott, it is asserted that the Ministers of George III. thought it worth while to buy his silence, for a while, with a pension of £300 per annum. But they do not say whether the pension were offered, or accepted. The vagueness of this statement has led to much controversy, especially in such publications as *Notes and Queries*. The circumstantial account of this affair given by John Taylor (author of *Monsieur Tonson and other Poems*), in his *Records of My Life*, published in 1832, ought, however, to set the matter at rest, without taking into account Wolcott's persistent and most emphatic denials of his having been so "bribed to silence," as in his "Peter's Pension," and other poems. But that the doctor would not have had the faintest scruple in accepting such bribe, had the sum offered been sufficiently tempting, is manifest from what Taylor tells us. Some time during the outbreak of the French Revolution, Taylor took Wolcott to dine with a friend who was on very familiar terms with one of the leading members of the Cabinet. During dinner their host was struck with the "vehemence with which the doctor denounced the Revolution, and the principles on which it was formed." The doctor was bantered on this apparent change of feeling, and jokingly told that the Government would gladly employ his pen if he would but only write in a similar strain. Finding that he did not scout the idea, an offer was made by their host to negotiate the matter, and the doctor gave his consent. Later on, the doctor, who was just then preparing some very severe attacks on the Government, was told that a pension of £300 per annum would be granted him, which, after stickling hard for £500, he agreed to accept. From time to time Wolcott demanded his salary

from his agents in this matter ; but, as he had done nothing to earn it, the money was withheld. He then wrote a few epigrams against the Jacobins and again called for his pay, at the same time hinting that the pension was really £500, but their host and Taylor were keeping £100 each of the amount. Taylor immediately requested him to apply personally at head-quarters for his pension, and the doctor having done so, and finding that £300 was all he had been granted, he refused the pension, and sent back to their host the £10 he had received from him to "bind the bargain." That Wolcott had, years before this dinner, all along cherished the hope that the king or his Ministers would soon think it advisable to hire his pen, or to silence him, may be inferred from the frequent complaints he makes, in his verses, of his poverty, the likening of his condition to that of poor Chatterton, the jealousy he displays of the poets laureate, and indeed the direct appeals he makes to the king, as in Ode VI. of his *Lyrical Odes for 1785*. True, those appeals are ostensibly mock ones ; but had the First Lord of the Treasury been a Sir Robert Walpole, instead of William Pitt, "The Lousiad" would probably never have had birth. To no other cause than fancied neglect prior to the offer of a pension, followed by a feeling of humiliation in the refusal to give him what he thought his services were worth, can we assign a reasonable explanation of his bitter hostility to, nay outrageous persecution of, the king. John Taylor says that Wolcott excused his wanton attacks on the "amiable and benevolent monarch," on the ground that his attacks on the Royal Academicians had not proved a pecuniary success, and that he found it necessary to fly at bigger game. To some extent that explanation may be accepted ; for, as he says :

At princes let but satire lift his gun,  
The more the feathers fly, the more the fun.  
E'en the whole world, blockheads and men of letters,  
Enjoy a cannonade upon their betters.

Taylor expressed his surprise at the boldness of the doctor's satires, knowing as he did that the writer was by no means heroic; but he came to the conclusion that the satirist was "seduced by popular favour and consequent pecuniary profit." In several of his poems Wolcott tells, in defiant and bombastic tones, of the threats to have him arrested. But, notwithstanding all this bounce, so soon as he got to know that the law officers of the crown were seriously considering the offence he was guilty of, namely, seeking to degrade the royal character, he made preparations for a sudden flight to America.

The character of George III. has been fully delineated by one whom no English reader would ever suspect of the slightest inclination to flunkeyism. A powerful and unsparing, but noble-hearted, satirist himself, Thackeray, in his work, *The Four Georges*, has summed up the virtues and the weaknesses of the monarch whom Wolcott sought so long and so strenuously to degrade. Well versed in the history of the times, and familiar with the writings of Wolcott's contemporaries, the great novelist knew well how to hold the balance in judging the truth that lay between the extravagant praise and the wicked detraction of the so-called "best of kings;" and the judgment he has pronounced on the character of George the Third is the direct reverse of that Wolcott would have had his readers to form. It is said that the king had "the good sense to laugh heartily at 'The Lousiad,'" despite the "disloyal poison that it conveyed into the breasts of the malicious and unthinking," a proof in itself that he was not the small-minded man his detractor made him appear.

Although the host of injurious libels penned by Wolcott do not appear to have ever led to his being brought before the magistrates, or into court, he did not altogether escape with impunity. The satirist himself at last became the

object of the satirical shafts of others. William Gifford, for instance, in his *Epistle to Peter Pindar* (1800, quarto), drew a portrait of the doctor almost as flattering as many of the doctor's pictures were of others :—

A bloated mass, a gross, blood-boltered clod,  
A foe to man, a renegade from God,  
From noxious childhood to pernicious age  
Separate to infamy in every stage.

We are told that he, who was "always ready to libel kings, lords, or commons without mercy," had his temper ruffled by these "perhaps rather candid comments," looking upon them as "personal and liable to be construed to the disadvantage of his character," and this suspicion must have been heightened by Gifford's sequel :—

Come, then, all filth, all venom, as thou art,  
Rage in thy eye, and rancour in thy heart;  
Come with thy boasted arms, spite, malice, lies,  
Smut, scandal, execrations, blasphemies:  
I brave them all! Lo, here I fix my stand,  
And dare the utmost of thy tongue and hand;  
Prepar'd each threat to baffle, or to spurn,  
Each blow with ten-fold vigour to return.

The writer in Allibone's memoir says: "The invitation was accepted. The furious 'Pindar' attacked Gifford (as he was entering Wright's shop, in Piccadilly) with a cudgel, which—alas for the hopes of man!—was soon applied 'with ten-fold vigour,' as promised. The crowd then finished the business, and Peter was rolled in the kennel, 'and thus,' remarked an unfeeling critic, 'returned to what was often the Castalia of his inspirations.'" This affair was reported in the newspapers of August, 1800. Wolcott wrote his "Cut at a Cobbler" in revenge, but it fell flat.

Most of the anecdotes told by Taylor of his friend Wolcott are not very complimentary. On one occasion they were dining with Mr. Billington, at Brompton, when the doctor, who seemed to be very hungry, was observed to eye



one particular dish with great eagerness. "Mr. B.," he says, "gave me a wink, and disregarded Wolcott's plate, under an appearance of respect to other persons near him. The doctor's appetite could not be restrained, and, thrusting his fork into the dish, he exclaimed: 'Damme, I'll have this,' to the surprise and amusement of all present, including the celebrated Irish orator Grattan." He also tells us that Wolcott's quarrel with Opie was in relation to a servant girl, Opie having been charged by the doctor with having supplanted him in her affections. Wolcott, despite the intensity of his love songs, never got himself a bride; but his friend Taylor says he was always a great admirer of women. Perhaps it was that admiration that made him too attentive to a landlady at one of his lodgings and thereby got him into trouble. Under the head of "Law Intelligence," in *The Courier* (London) of June 29th, 1807, appears a report of a trial, in the Court of King's Bench, before Lord Ellenborough, C.J., of "Knight v. Wolcott." This was an action by the husband of Mrs. Knight for the seduction of his wife by Wolcott, who was seventy years old, whilst Mrs. Knight was only twenty-six. The doctor had the verdict given in his favour. The licence of counsel in depreciating the position, or the wealth, of their clients, in such cases, is often very amusing. Wolcott's counsel (Mr. Parke) not only ridiculed the idea of his client having two thousand pounds—the amount of damage claimed—but said he was kept from want by a small annuity paid by his publishers, in consideration of the worthless "trash" with which he used to supply them. As for the lodgings, they consisted of a two-pair-of-stairs bedroom, which the doctor took in 1805, at eight shillings per week.

The end of the once-dreaded Peter Pindar was miserable. He became blind, infirm, lame, and asthmatic. Taylor went to see him the day before his death, and in answer to his

inquiry: "Is there anything on earth I can do for you?" the melancholy reply, uttered in a deep sonorous voice, was: "Bring me back my youth!"

He died at Latham Place, Somerstown, on 14th January, 1819—just one year earlier than George III., who was born in the same year as Wolcott—and was buried at St. Paul's, Covent Garden, in a vault close to that of Butler, the author of *Hudibras*.

Although the quality of Wolcott's poetry is rarely of the highest order, and often sinks to doggerel—nay sometimes even as low as to the jingle of the poetaster—yet few poets have ever exhibited, in the power of one mind, such a wealth of wit, humour, imagination, and fancy as he displayed. Moreover, he was no plagiarist, the perfect originality of his exhaustless imagery, similes, and epigrams being beyond dispute. What he might have left us had he been fired with the noble ambition of building up for himself, regardless of present gain, an enduring fame, we can only imagine. As it was, he wrote only what he thought would sell best at the time, and thereby bring him the greater reward from his publisher. Hence nearly all his poems betray the haste with which they were thrown together. Still, much of his amatory and non-satirical poetry, the sonnets more especially, is graceful, tender, and melodious, and would not discredit even our best poets. There are people who assert that there must necessarily be nobility of soul in the poet whose poems evince nobility of thought and feeling. Were that true, then the satirist who mercilessly lashes the weak and erring should himself be strong, and immaculate. In Dr. Wolcott we have, however, a notable example of the fallacy of such assertion. For, notwithstanding the geniality of his manners, especially when "dining out," and his benevolence to many of his poorer acquaintances, the doctor was lamentably deficient in even the ordinary standard of

morality. There was, indeed, hardly a vice with which he charged any of the subjects of his satire from which he, himself, was free. An ordained priest, he abandoned his high office to lead the life of a voluptuary, countenancing, if not instigating, the denial of his ordination. For gold, alone, he prostituted his great poetical genius, being ever ready to blast the reputation of the honest and virtuous, or to lavish false praise on the dishonest and profligate, simply to sell his works by gratifying the general love of scandal, or political partizanship. Fond of the pleasures of the table and a big eater himself, he continually charges others with swine-like "guttling" (guzzling) at meals. Scoffing at the reverence paid to royalty, he literally cringed in abject humility when presented to a prince who was "nothing but a coat and a wig and a mask smiling beneath it," yea, something more—an unnatural son, a heartless libertine, a coward, and a liar. We may justly admire the genius and industry of Wolcott, but we cannot well admire the man.





## SANNOX SHORE (ARRAN).

BY C. E. TYRER.

NOT more serenely 'neath the southern pine  
White glistening beaches meet blue ocean's kiss;  
No soft Italian strand more fair than this,—  
Not Shelley's Spezzia, nor the shore divine  
Where Virgil sleeps in cypress-darken'd shrine.  
Here nought should fall unseemly or amiss;  
Lull'd by these woods and waters, life were bliss,  
Though touch'd with shade from yon dark mountain-line.

And oh, dear burn! most exquisite of brooks!  
The rowan loves thee, and the birch-clad braes  
Cast beryl shadows on thy crystal flow.  
Not all the famous streams that poets praise  
Have lovelier pools, that charm the gazer's looks  
As though a fabled Naiad slept below.





THE  
FOLK-SPEECH OF THE LANCASHIRE  
BORDER:

AN OBSCURE LANCASHIRE AUTHOR.

BY ABRAHAM STANSFIELD.

IT has lately been attempted, in these pages and elsewhere, and not unsuccessfully, to show that Lancashire is essentially a *musical* county. I shall not here undertake to show with equal conclusiveness that she is essentially a *literary* county, since that might require not only treble the space at present available, but treble the evidence I should be able to adduce in support of the proposition; though doubtless, as regards certain *departments*, literature is pursued here with as much zeal and success as at the very centre of illumination—the great metropolis—itself. Whatever may be the actual claims of Lancashire to the title “literary,” in the literature of dialects, at any rate, she stands pre-eminent. Dialect-literature, so called, is spread and read so widely over Lancashire that some have even been led to suppose it the peculiar and special product of the county! The use of dialects for literary purposes, however, as is well known, is confined neither to Lancashire nor to England, though it has probably nowhere so extensively prevailed as in our county.

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Have the dialects been used too extensively? \* With respect to South Lancashire, that is possible; but as regards the picturesque district of the Lancashire and Yorkshire border, there are many curious dialects there prevailing which remain to this day almost untouched by the crowd, now a somewhat motley one, who dig and mine in these quarries. These dialects make a most curious philological study, as the people who speak them, themselves, form a subject of unusual interest to the ethnologist. A mixed race at the best no doubt we are; but these border people, shut up as they have been for long, long centuries in remote mountain-valleys, without communication with the rest of the world, have retained their primitive character to a striking extent, while some of their superstitions have remained almost as firmly planted as at first. Among these perhaps none is so fast fixed as the belief in "the Evil Eye," and Virgil, instead of writing some two thousand years back, might have been writing to-day, and directly of these people, when in the third eclogue of his charming *Bucolics* he makes Menalcas say:

Nescio quis, teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos.

With respect to the prevailing dialects the variety is very great; even at the distance of less than a couple of miles, as the crow flies, you have almost another speech—the difference is enormous. Within this distance, for instance, for the verb "to ask," we meet with as many as four different forms, viz.: *as*, *ax*, *spier*, and *spurr*. In illustration of the curious *minor* dialectal differences which in respect to locality are marked by very sharp lines of demarcation, one may observe that the expression, "See, yonder man!" becomes at Todmorden (just on the county border) "Sithee at yond' felley!" while only two or three miles away it changes to

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\* See note at the end of this article.

"Sithee at yon' felley!" the *d* in the adverb being as tenaciously and desperately retained at the one point as it is persistently cast away at the other. And whilst in the Burnley valley the final *d* in any word has almost invariably the full, prolonged sound of *d*, only a short distance away it is just as regularly pronounced *t*. On the other hand, and again only a mile or two away, viz., in the Rossendale valley, the final *t* becomes *d*, and for the phrase, "I will not do that," you hear the outrageous expression, "I'll nod do thad."

Whilst the main body of the folk-speech is clearly Anglo-Saxon, there is quite an appreciable element of the Scandinavian; and this is often found where it would least be expected, for instance, in the expression, than which none is more common in Lancashire generally, "He's goooan reawnd abeawt fur th' gainst," "th' gainst" here clearly comes from the Icelandic "*gegnsta*." As for the Scandinavian "*addle*," to get or earn, which one so often finds referred to as "*peculiar to Lincolnshire*," it not only prevails over all Yorkshire, but on the Lancashire border is one of the commonest of words, as "Heaw mitch does ta addle, lad?" "Aw addle five shillin' a week." If traces of the Norseman are frequent, there are also some traces of the Norman, as, for instance, in such quaint words as "*squab*," from the French *escabeau*, a cushioned seat or sofa. "Wheer mun aw lig, mother?" "Lig thi deawn o' th' squab." With respect to the aspirate, it is never heard at all in these parts, either in or out of place, a circumstance which recalls Thackeray's old lady, who had "led a very painless life, through never having been troubled with *aitches*!" But if the aspirate never troubles these people, its entire absence troubles the "inquiring stranger" very often, and not the "stranger" only. "Aw'm ne'er 'eedin" was the favourite phrase of one of the "happy-go-lucky" type—a phrase

sufficiently mysterious to the writer himself until translated into "Come what may, I am never heeding."

As regards the dialect spoken in the Burnley valley, the locality with which at present we have to deal, a writer on the subject goes the length of stating that "it probably contains the greatest number of purely dialectic words, or idioms, of any folk-speech in England." Certainly in respect to its force, directness, expressiveness, terseness, and humour, I know none to surpass it. A sovereign, here, is not merely a sovereign, but a "gold sovereign." "Si yo', chaps! aw've gi'en him a gowld soverrin." An hour is not merely an hour, but a "clock-hour," a not unimportant distinction, as some people's hours are seldom measured by the clock. "Wau, bless yo'! aw waited *on* him a full clock-heawr," the "on" here taking the place of "for," and illustrating the indefinite character of the preposition. Among the rarities of the folk-speech is "ayla," bashful, or shy. "Heaw wer't at tou didn't come to thi teea yustherday?" "A'a, bless thee, lass! aw'm so fearful ayla." The abounding humour of the folk-speech is remarkable, but rugged force is its chief characteristic. Nor is this force of the idiom anything but the direct reflection of the character of those who speak it. It is a character full of energy—a quality, it is true, which too often shows itself in forms not to be commended. Even as far back as two hundred years ago, the people of these parts had a sinister reputation all over the adjoining districts for their bullying and fighting propensities, frequent challenges being sent not only from hill to hill but from these hills to those of neighbouring counties. As a proof of the desperate character of these encounters, we are told that even the victor generally returned from them with an eye gouged out, or minus an ear, a nose, &c., bitten off by his antagonist in the brutal combat—details sufficiently revolting, no doubt, but which I give here in illustration of the fierce spirit, and



fiery energy, at that time dwelling in our border-highlanders, in whose descendants there yet burns, in a modified degree, and happily exhibiting itself in forms less savage, the same fiery force, accompanied by a physique the most robust. Their mental idiosyncrasy, on the other hand, is full of individuality, and a more incisive mother-wit, or a slyer, or more "pawkie" humour, I have never met with in a population so largely Saxon.

So that in these, as in other matters yet to be dwelt on, there is really immense booty awaiting the zealous hunter and explorer into these regions—regions which, though formerly remote and sequestered to a degree, are now accessible enough, and, in fact, through railway facilities, may be said to lie almost at our doors, albeit to reach nooks and corners more specially referred to in this article considerable mountain climbing will have to be done betimes, and many rugged paths trodden.

With regard to the ethnological puzzle, this, at least, may be affirmed without dogmatism, viz., that the Celtic element is here a somewhat more considerable one than writers on the subject usually allow. For the rest, inhabiting, as I have said, for so long a period these high hills, and sequestered mountain-valleys (whose wild and remote character is expressed by their very names, such as "Wyndy Harbour," "Back o' Behund," &c.), much exposed to the weather, and living frugally, the people of this region are a hardy and long-lived race, insomuch that at a recent gathering of some four hundred of them, inhabiting a portion of the district certainly comprised within no large area, the average age was found to be between seventy and eighty years! Healthy and hardy themselves, the admiration of the hill-folk is mainly excited by the same qualities in others, mere mental graces with them counting for little. Indeed the possession of such would be likely to prove rather a draw-

back than otherwise with anyone seeking to ingratiate himself with these sturdy people, who, more than all perhaps, distrust the man who has got what is called, "Th' gift o' th' gab." "That'll gether e'now" (e'en now), ("That man will send the collecting box round, by-and-by,") was the terse and characteristic remark of a stalwart hillsider, with reference to a sleek, plausible fellow who with glib tongue was "improving" a certain wayside incident in the moral sense. In these, as in some other parts, the common expression, "clivver felley," or "clivver chap," is by no means intended to convey the idea of an acute-minded, or mentally accomplished, but merely that of a physically robust and well-built man.

Our surroundings no doubt largely make and mould us. The stony character of this border-region reproduces itself in the character of its inhabitants. Educated for the most part by Nature herself, and in no gentle mood, they take her impress: hence the hillside mother-wit is of the keenest and sharpest type. Few are the amenities that root in so thin a soil, and in a quarter so familiar to the winds, but those that *strike*, they sprout and blossom indeed, as when, on the mountains, we meet with the hardy rowan which, though scantily nourished in the rocky crevice where the chance breeze has cast it, yet blooms aloft in beauty and fragrance, and with its clustering scarlet berries is the pride and glory of the hills. It is here that you meet with the sturdiest type of men and of women. It is here that you meet with the very warmest of welcomes. And also, it must be confessed, now and again with the coldest. Indeed, furtive as they are, and distrustful at all times of new-comers, to the stranger these moorland folk must appear at once sly and shy, cunning and reserved; yet let him go amongst them duly accredited, or show that he is of their own "mack" (make or class), and, as a rule, the coldness soon changes to

cordiality, sometimes even to effusion, and the "fatted calf" is killed metaphorically if not actually. Within the writer's recollection it was the custom when a poor man killed his pig—his solitary pig, for if he had two he was scarcely deemed poor—to invite his nearer neighbours to a generous repast, accompanied by moderate potations of "home-brewed," in celebration of the "event," a right pleasant and kindly custom but one long since disused.

I have said that these moorland folk are distrustful of newcomers; they are equally distrustful of novelties and innovations of any kind, whether moral or material. In no part of these kingdoms were the regulations of the "New Poor Law" enforced with more difficulty. Nowhere, until within the last few years, have those numerous stalwart fellows who rejoice in the common name of "Peeler" had so bad a time of it. And in no part are many ancient and obsolete customs destined to die so hard a death. In short, it is a people not so much devoted to what has *been*, as determined to be what it *is*! It is a people that brooks but little let or hindrance from any person whomsoever. It is a people with a neck not supple, but, on the contrary, most plaguily stiff; that will not, according to a local tradition, even do a thing when it is *made*! On the other hand, it is a people by no means wanting in good moral qualities. Like the millstone rock of its own hills, it abounds in *grit*. Sturdily independent, it has a healthy horror of being "thrown upon the parish." It is a people that will pass through the hardest times with a cheerfulness and a self-abnegation worthy of the best traditions of the Stoics. It is a people that, even when at the last extremity, will grin and abide rather than whine and groan. And when the sun shines out again, and there is wherewithal, it is a people that bakes its own bread, and brews its own beer, and does not dislike the taste of it, or even the taste of its neigh-

bour's! \* If it is a people with a stiffish neck, it is also a people with "backbone," and certainly no rickety fellow is ever likely to fare particularly well at its hands, or to get the better of it. It is a people that one might love as rare Charles Kingsley loved Eurus! It is a people for bracing, strengthening, and kicking clean out of you all the "mewling and puking" business. I have known it drive men from the country by simply *labelling* them—by affixing to them, with its keen, caustic mother-wit, some nickname, based perhaps on some pestilent bit of coxcombry on their part, no doubt deserved, and which has clung to them, and clung to them, like a cloak of Nessus, till they could bear it no longer.

I remarked upon the admirable patience of this people in circumstances of hardship. Let me illustrate. In one of those severe commercial crises through which this district, with its valley-populations mainly employed in the cotton trade, has passed of late years, and which have brought hundreds of respectable families to the verge of starvation, a certain Tommy — was observed to carry a tablespoon about with him wherever he went. On being questioned why he always carried a "spooi" in his pocket, Tommy laughingly explained: "Theaw sees it's this way: wheniver eawr owld woman calls out 'Porridge!' if aw've a spooi to *seek*, aw'm done!" Surely this cheerful spirit, surely this abounding good humour, in face of the possibility of missing one's sole bite for the day (for in these times people fasted even longer) is worthy of Epictetus himself.

With an appreciable touch of the Celtic, and a more considerable element of the Scandinavian (Danish), the type

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\* Until within a few years the practice of "home-brewing" was here universal; and the practice of "home-baking" still prevails. Nor is any more delicious wheaten bread to be tasted anywhere than the "home-baked" of your housewife of the Lancashire border.

on these hills, as previously hinted, is in the main Saxon (Anglian), and in the character of the people, as also previously hinted, there is much of the Saxon shrewdness, though curiously blended with a large measure of simplicity and childish superstition. Now, however—in these later days—the schoolmaster is abroad in earnest. Surely, if slowly, the march of intellect proceeds, and must proceed, and the hill-tops themselves have got to be scaled in the end, no doubt; but, in the meantime, did one read in the blazing light of our scientific halls a full and particular account of the superstitions still lingering in certain nooks of our borders, he would be heard with incredulity.

In the pages to follow I give the history, taken from the works of a late Lancashire author, of a highly-characteristic local craze—a true melodrama, several of the actors in which are still living; and I give it with the object of illustrating at once the superstitions and the dialect of the border-region. Though the superstition, in this case, is of the milder kind, yet, when the record comes to be read fifty years hence, it will doubtless appear, in the luminous atmosphere of that day, a wholly incredible and impossible state of things.

I give the extracts, too, with the further object of engaging the reader's interest in the author in question, who died at a comparatively early age some years since; and who, even during his lifetime, was but little known beyond the narrow valley, with its encompassing hills, which forms the picturesque scene of his sketches—sketches which, for their grotesque humour, for the breathing, life-like character of the portraits they contain, for fidelity, dramatic force, and graphic power, have seldom been equalled by our best writers in the dialects. In fact, crude as these pen-and-ink sketches are in some respects, yet so completely do they hold the mirror up to nature, that their author was more

than once, as he told me, the subject of attack at the hands of people whose sayings and doings he had so vividly pictured that they were convinced he had seen and heard everything, and "told tales" accordingly.

With a view to the clearer understanding, on the reader's part, of the history to be presented, it may be permitted to enlarge yet a little more on the character of the people concerned. In this, as previously stated, there is much of the Saxon shrewdness and long-headedness. These hill-folk, indeed, are a cannie and a prudent people, who have known how to thrive on oatmeal, and to fill what is called an "old stocking" where the improvident would starve. Accustomed for centuries to a soil and climate giving but small returns for the labour expended, frugality with them has become so much of a habit that one can hardly call it a virtue. And having stood thus long at the "hunger-fountain," as Richter would say, and drawn thence, their grip on the "brass" (money), when they *do* finger it, is a tight one. The sad malady called "cromp i' th' hand," from which most of us suffer on occasion, and sometimes acutely enough, with these hardy sons of the mountain too often assumes the chronic form!

When our moorland folk descend from the "tops" to "th' dale," as of late years they have done in large numbers, now and again the contents of the "family stocking" are embarked in the staple trade of the district, and our mountaineer becomes what is called a "little cotton meystur." The cruel fluctuations in this trade, however, during the past few decades, have thrown most of these "little cotton meysturs" on their backs; and hundreds of "old stockings," clean emptied of their "gowld soverrins," are now floating among the waifs and strays of the great ocean of commerce. But the major part of the hill-folk, with characteristic prudence, have declined such risks.

These are great patrons of the "Co-ops" (Co-operative Societies), in which they invest, the "old stocking" fructifies, and all their talk is of "divvy" (dividends). A precocious instance of this kind of thrift was a girl—a very little girl—who gravely suggested to her mother that their "next baby" should be bought at the "Co-op," because then they would get the "divvy!"

Man, woman, and child, it is a cannie, a calculating, and a thrifty people, thoroughly believing, with the Lancashire poet, Bealey, that

A pocket 'at's lined wi' a bit o' good brass,  
'll make a mon feel what a mon *is*,  
And keep him from being an ass!

It was a saying of Montesquieu's, the distinguished author of the *Spirit of the Laws*, that if he had lived in England he should have been an unsuccessful man. On being questioned in the matter, the great Frenchman explained that what he meant by "unsuccessful" was that he should inevitably have been seized with the English passion for "getting on in the world;" and that consequently, instead of attaining to distinction, he should simply have died rich and nameless—an obscure millionaire! It is needless to say that Montesquieu's idea of a "successful" man would, in these parts, have been hard to understand. "Success," here, means the accumulation of "brass;" nor, unless there is "plenty o' brass," can the idea of "success" be entertained. But perhaps this all-absorbing worship of Plutus is too often found elsewhere as well! Here, at any rate, the "brass" must be gotten; and to this end the people strive with all their native shrewdness. Unfortunately there is the proneness to superstition before mentioned; and between this, on the one hand, and the strong disposition to "gether the siller," on the other, our hillsider falls a victim at last, though only to him who has duly studied the above strange blending



of qualities. A diligent student in this field was he who figures in the following pages under the grotesque *sobriquet* of "Old Langsettle." This man was an adventurer, and came from a distance, but he soon found that for him the barren hillsides might be made to flow with "milk and honey," not indeed through the waving of a magic wand, but by means of a "magic glass" in his possession, looking into which he was able to see and learn all that was so ardently desired by a number of hillside folk who believed themselves heirs to vast properties in the neighbourhood, out of which they had been "wrangously kept" for two or three generations. And here I may draw upon the author in question.

Owd Threedbare asked him if he thought they were heirs to Wycollar Hall. "Most certainly yo' are," said Langsettle, "though aw hav'nt looked i'th' glass particularly for yo', aw find 'at aw've seen yo' theer scores o' times. What, aw've had two or three families after th' Wycollar Hall an' th' Heptonstall estates, but aw could never see ony on 'em at favored th' families 'at th' glass showed as reytful heirs to 'em, so aw never gav' 'em ony encouragement to go further into th' matter, for aw could see no chance o' success, an' yo' known aw wouldn't be known to leead folks wrang. Yo' see it's this way—wheniver aw've looked abeawt th' owners o' yo're estates thers comed a lot o' folks i'th' seet 'at aw didn't know, but neaw when aw meet wi' yo' aw con see at once yo're th' vary same chaps." At this, Owd Threedbare nudged Sorrow-i'th'-Dyke, and said, "Mon, what ha'nt aw olez tell'd thi 'at if we'd es reys we'st be th' gentry o' this neighbourhood. What, we ought just neaw to a' been huntin' i' Trawden forest, an' we will be afor long, too. Hey-hough, tally ho! mi brave heawnds Tinker, Towler, Bowler." Then he would ha' gotten onto a chair and sung Tommy-o'th'-Raddler's song on Trawden Hunt and Wycollar Hall, but they stopped him, and all stared around one at another in wild astonishment. Finepins wished they had just been at Billy-Toys'-at-th'-Height-Top; he'd ha' stood an extry quart o' knock-'em-deawn swuddle for Old Langsettle. But Langsettle said—yo' dooant need to bother abeawt aught o'th' kind, for aw've so mony other cases i' hand 'at aw hav'nt a single minute to spare; aw've just neaw several important Chancery cases similar to yor's. One case is for £250,000, 'at nobbut wants drawin'; aw've th' deeds i' my pocket, signed an' sealed ready for th' brass. When they saw that Langsettle's time was so very precious they stopped their joyous uproar, and made arrangements when and where the next meeting should be held, he saying that, in the meantime, he would seek out all particulars, and give them a thorough account next time he came, and that they must have a family meeting during the time, and see who were intending to claim their shares of the estates. He then returned home, laughing in his sleeve at the simple credulity of those he was deceiving.



After Langsettle had departed, the claimants resolved to have family meetings, to be held every Sunday forenoon at the chief claimant's house, where they would decide what steps to take. The meeting then dispersed, with every one at the highest pitch of joy and expectation. On their way home, Old Threedbare and Jacky-at-th'-Moor-top called at a public-house, and ordered a crown bowl, saying, "We'st sup no moor cowl blow—that's nobbut for poor folks—gret landowners nivver should drink aught under sixpence a glass, an' for th' futur we'll ha' nought no less nor champagne, port wine, old tom, an' short stuff; noa moor fourpenny swill-swallow and waistcoat-pocket drink."

When the landlord heard this he was quite astonished, and said—"Heaw's that, 'at yo're gettin' soa partic'lar? What is there op 'at nought no less nor sixpence a glass 'il fit yo'—two o'th' leeast teydious chaps 'at usen comin' to this heawse? Yo' usen bein' ready for aught, thro' barrel-bothams deawn to weyshin-op waytur. An' as for thee, Threedbare, theaw'd drink a gallon o' galker ony time, an' work it i' thi inside; an' theaw artn't a pin better, Jacky, soa nivver name creawn-bowls here agean, for it'll be no use unless aw con see th' edge o' reythur moor brass nor aw fancy yo' can show to-dey." "What i' said Old Threedbare, "an' han we to ha' nought?—two landowners—heirs to Wycollar Hall! What, we'n a fortun' o' theawsands o' peawnds comin' to us, an' theaw'll rue if theaw doesn't tak' th' chonce o' chalkin' us a tothery shillin' op." "Rue or not rue," said the landlord, "aw'st find yo' no strap. If yo' con reyse th' price of a quart o' fourpenny aw'll find yo' that." By begging from persons in the place they managed to raise fourpence, and had to content themselves by turning again to "cold-blow."

When the Sunday morning of the first family meeting came, it was an amusing sight to see the number of new walking-sticks with silver hoops that the Wycollar and Heptonstall claimants sported, the new dickeys and watchguards they wore, the airs they put on, and the figures they cut. Jim-o'-th'-owd-mon's said he didn't mean to be outdone by anybody that went down Burnley Valley that day, for in addition to having donned his best suit and spent two hours in rubbing his brass watchguard bright, he had bought a fancy dickey and two twopenny-halfpenny cigars, and he meant to try for the first time in his life what smoking and acting the gentleman were like, for it would very likely be all he would have to do before very long. But there was one thing he rather doubted—about his dickey—that was, he didn't think it would be aught like as warm as a shirt. He was afraid he should catch cold by the change, still he "mud be like to chonce it," so he donned it on, and off he went smoking a cigar for the first time. But before he got to the chief claimant's house he fell ill, and had to be led into a house on the way, where he fainted.

They gave him a glass of water, and unbuttoned his waistcoat to let him breathe more freely, when Hungry Bob's wife called out—"A'a, Jim, theaw mey weel be sick; what theaw't beawt shirt, aw con see what it is 'at's dooin thee, it's that dickey—rip it off mon, an' aw'll lean thi one o' eawr Bob shirts; what, theaw'll be starved to th' deatch i' that thing—off wi' 't, mon."

"Ney, ney," said Jim, "it's nooen o' th' dickey, it's this smookin 'at's dooin me; aw've nooen been used to 't, nor aw sholn't be yet awhile if this be th'

way. An' aw know nought abeawt actin th' gentleman, but if this be all th' pleasur ther is in't, aw'll leav my walkin stick an' dickey at whom for th' futur—be hanged if aw doent."

By the time Jim had recovered from his smoking, Old Threedbare came swinging down the road. He had been running about all the morning trying to borrow a Saturday night suit, for he had nothing but his week-day suit to put on, and he had been sadly bothered for a fit; however, he had managed at length to borrow Long Lawrence's every-day shoes, which were two inches too long, and Gret Sarah lad had lent him his militia trousers, and well they looked too, only they were a foot too short. He arrived at his journey's end without any mishap, save that he forgot that his shoe-bands were loose until he legged-up on them; and he would have fallen into a dirty place but for his new walking stick, which he broke by saving himself.

When they arrived at the chief claimant's house the proceedings had been commenced. The chief claimant had taken the chair, and was making his opening speech, saying, "Aw guess yo known what we're comed here for this mornin; it's to see if we con reyse brass enough to pey Langsettle to get us some gret estates 'at 's been wrangously kept thro' us for two or three generations. What, we ought just neaw to ha' been livin i' fine halls, an' had a pack o' heawnds a-piece." "Hea, hea! an' we will have, an' quickly too," shouted Threedbare and his brother Yollow-stockins. "Yi, hea!" resumed the chief claimant, "ther's noa deawt o' that if we con reyse brass to get it, an' we'll try feyr for 't." "Nought else," they all then cried. "But we mun have all th' names taen deawn, o' thoor 'at 's claimin ther shares, afor we gooa ony further," said the chairman, "an' aw'm just thinkin we mun saddle whoa are heirs, an' whoa aren't; ther's two o' Ailse-i'-th'-Choamer lads 'at 's send word they cannot attend to-day, but they're intendin gooin shares i'th' estates. For mi own part, aw dunnot think they're aught at all akin to th' Mossdrop-hill family, for aw've known th' lot on 'em for fifty yer, an' ther's nivver one on 'em owned to bein aught akin to eawr family afor."—"Oh, make short wark on 'em, cut 'em off beawt a shillin," said Finepins; "all th' country 'll want to be akin to us neaw."

It was then decided that Ailse-i'-th'-Choamer lads should be objected to as relations of the Mossdrop-hill family; then, after paying a half-crown each towards getting their estates, they set to reckoning up what each one would have when his fortune came.

The next meeting was held at the Queen Hotel, at Todmorden. At this meeting Old Langsettle gave an account of his glass-looking since he last saw them. He said—"What, aw've seen gradely into th' matter this last fortnit; aw've seen th' owd squire of all 'at laft yo' th' property, an' he were huntin op o' th' Raw powl. He used to ride a black horse called 'Jewel,' 'at could clear th' heyst fence for miles areawnd, an' he had th' best pack o' fox-heawnds 'at ivver hunted Tormden dale, an' he were known all through England as a gret hunter. Aw thought one dey aw'd look what gentry he hunted wi', an' behowd aw made eawt Squires Teawnley, Cunliffe, Greenwood, Sutcliffe, Hodgson, an' a lot o' gentry fro' London wey, one on 'em akin to th' king."

"Theer neww ! that's it," cried Yollow-stockins, "aw've olez said we were off a noble breed ; aw could tell that bi' mi' likin huntin soa weel, an' wark so ill. Neaw for heavnd dogs, knee-breeches, an' huntin. Tally ho' mi brave heavnds ! Tinker, towler, bowler, plunder, ballymon !" Then there were as many glasses of drinking-stuff called for, to treat Langsettle with, as if he'd been a little shark, and had as much stomach-power as two or three like Threedbare. However, Langsettle had no idea of turning his inside into a cask, and proceeded with his narrative about what he had seen in the glass. Jone-o'-th'-Lumbers asked him "If he'd seen aught ov his feyther uncle Aby : he were a long lenocky chap, wi' a hand like a bakin-spittle, a shough like a backstooan ; ov a Sundy he ware a reawnd jacket, an' knee-britches, an' generally had a drop on his nooas end ?" "To be sure aw have," said Langsettle, "he were a regular softy ov a felley ; if he'd ha' look'd after his reys yo'd ha' been gentry just neaw ; but he'd a heart like a chicken, an' were as good to persuade to be quiet abeawt his property as yo' are to go an' get it, an' he could ha' cried as readily as ony young woman, an' laughed agean wi' th' tears ov his cheeks. What, aw've seen all th' family on yo'." "Then yo' con tell whether yond' long-chinned winter-legs of a Chelpy wife, thro' Worsthorne, be one o' eawr family ?" said one ; "hoo coom ower, th' last week, pretendin at hoo're one o' th' better mack o' th' Mossdrop-hill family, an' 'at hoo were beawn shares i' eawr estates ; but aw quickly tell'd her hoo're tawkin tawk 'at'ld do untawked, for hoo noather wur nor niver would be. An afoor we'd let her ley claim to a single penny, we'd ware all th' estates i' law. What, an' hoo went whenly malancholy ; her meawth twitched as if hoo'd fits, an' went all shaps—reawnd, square, an' like a coil-box ; an' hoo winked, an' stamped, an' spit as thick as a witch, an' wished for peawer to wither all my limbs, an' said hoo'd a peyr o' good legs, an' hoo'd ware 'em to th' knees wi' trampin after th' estate afoor hoo'd be done eawt on't ; for hoo were as sure one o' th' better mack o' eawr family as ivver owd Nan-i'-Hurstwood rooad through Teawnley Holmes on a besom stail. What mon," hoo said, "aw con tell wheer th' lily grew i' th' hall garden, an' heav mony acre o' land ther were i' all th' estate, an' aw'll tak good care yo' dooant get a single farthin if aw mooant go shares."

When Langsettle heard this he said, "aw'll look i' th' glass abeawt this matter, an' tell yo' all abeawt it when aw come agean, but aw hardly think hoo's one o' th' family, for aw dooent remember seein ony body o' her favvor i' th' glass." "Nough, nor yo' willn't do," sheawted Finepins, "for hoo's nought at all o' th' breed on us ; an' if hoo be o' eawr name at all hoo's changed her name to heir th' estate, an' that's nought what scores 'll do if we'll let 'em ; but see yo' look i' th' glass, Langsettle." "Aw will, aw will," said he, and then he went on to say he had seen the wills, and for a ten pound note a-piece he could get them by the next meeting ; and in the meantime he would advise that one of the claimants should be sent to Heptonstall Church to read up all their pedigrees. The chief claimant was then appointed to this office, and also to act as messenger to carry news of the proceedings to the different members of the family who could not attend the meetings, and collect their subscriptions, for which he should receive half-a-crown a day. In describing his researches for the Wycollar

estate, Langsettle said he had seen the old squire, in all his earthly glory, going for a day's sport down to Burnley, taking with him five cocks in "pooaks," dubbed, clipped, and steeled for a main, three bull-dogs to fight, and a bull to bait.

When they heard this, several voices called out "yer him, yer him!" and Dick-i'-th'-Smithy jumped to his feet and said he 'ld "be his marro afor two month end, for dog feytin' an' cock settin were what he gloried in aboon aught else." Then he struck his *neyve* against the ceiling of the room and said, "hooa wants to feyt, for this makes me feel as if aw wanted to jingle mi clogs agean somdy's shins, and jowl mi yed agean theirs;" and his neck went as red as a turkey's. Langsettle then fixed a time for his next meeting, when he would bring "wills" for all their estates, and left the hotel in a hurry to attend another family for whom he was claiming an estate.

At their next meeting Jacky-at-th'-moor-top was appointed to the chair. Then Langsettle began to explain what trouble he had had in getting the will; he'd had to get a number of coffins taken up to get at some old writings, which he had managed, after a deal of trouble, to secure; and he had found, as they had told him, that the estates were entailed upon heirs. "What, what," said Jacky, "sey that agean; teyled op o' hairs? teyled op o' hairs? Oh, but we'll dock it." "Dock it?" "Ver yo," cried three or four; "that's it, Jacky, dock it, dock it!" Langsettle then showed a bundle of papers, and said they were the wills for the Heptonstall and Wycollar estates, and he did not doubt but by the next time he came he could have all ready for the estates being claimed. The chief claimant was then called on to state what he was doing at Heptonstall Church. He said he had looked over 300 names of their family, and so far as he had got there was every sign of success. Just at this point a disturbance arose in one corner of the room. It was Bill-o'-George's making a row about Jacky being put in for the chairman; he said "Yo're puttin Jacky a kale too sooin; aw should ha' th' first chance, for aw'm th' nearest akin to th' heir, but two." "What! what ar' to' Bill" cried Jacky, "th' nearest but two? Theaw 'rt mi gronfeyther, art'n't ta? See thi, Bill, theaw may time op any time, for theaw't noather second, third, nor th' twenty-third heir—th' long an' short on 't is, when theaw't reckoned op, theaw's noather lot nor part i' th' matter; theaw con heir nought, so bundil cawt." "That's reyt, Jacky; that's reyt!" cried Threedbare. "Cross him cawt; cross him cawt." "Yhi, do!" sheawted three or four more, "cross him cawt, ther'll be soa mich moor a-piece for us." Then they bundled Bill-o'-George's cawt, which Langsettle said they were quite right in doing, for he'd long seen that he was not entitled to a single farthing. Then he said, "ther's Ailse-i'-th'-Choamer lads; aw've looked i' th' glass for them, an' aw find they'n noather lot nor part i' th' matter; they're of another family of yo'r name." "Hea; they're o' th' war mack," sheawted Finepins, "soa cut 'em off; cut 'em off." After the meeting closed, each of the claimants indulged his wild imagination in picturing the glories of a gentleman's life. Jim-o'-th'-Owd-Mon's said "We'll ride this dale wi' a carriage an' two greys. Ther's cawr Bob yonder, he weant do a penny teaward gettin th' estate; he'll wish he had done

then, but it'll be to noa use, for mi feythur has made his will an' laft him beawt a penny, an' sarved him reyt too, an' neaw he'll ha' to hag an' work whol we ride abeawt." The claimants went to the next meeting with very anxious minds, and, for fear that something might happen Langsettle in some of the railway tunnels, they took a cab to meet the train at a station some miles away, where he was taken out and conveyed, for greater safety, as they worded it, "cawt o'th' top o'th' greawnd." When they arrived at the hotel they were soon delighted by seeing Langsettle take out of his pocket what he had told them at the last meeting were the wills, and each one had a large red seal at every corner, and four or five down each side; these he said were the Chancellor's seals, and had cost a sovereign a-piece. He had got every thing now ready for the estates being claimed, except that he wanted six seals more, which the Chancellor would not let him have till he got the numbers of the estates in the Chancery book, and one of the claimants had best go to London and get these numbers. Then they would have nothing to do but take possession by cutting up a sod, and they might then at once draw the rents, get their hound-dogs, and hunt to their hearts' delight. While Langsettle thus dilated, the claimants sat with their eyes, ears, and mouths open to the back, and the mention of hound-dogs had such a power on their noble blood, that Finepins, Yollow-stockins, Threedbare and Jacky, all thought they could see a pack, and began to shout "Nudger, tinker, towler, bowler, plunder; come in yet, mountaineer, merryman; ha, hey, ho, ha, hough, ha, hoop, mi brave dogs!" and made such a dreadful noise that the other inmates of the house turned pale with fear. Then they seized Langsettle on his chair, and carried him round the room shoulder-high. After they had settled down, Langsettle went on to say he had made investigations respecting Chelphy wife of Worsthorne, and had found she was very, very little, related to their family, and she would have to prove it before she could claim aught. But he had discovered a large inn in London which was left to a woman of their name. "That's cawr Betty; that's me; that's mi wife," stuttered John-o'-Dickey's, and the tears started into his eyes for joy, "hea; that's cawr Betty," he said. "Then yo'n nought to do but go to London an' claim it," said Langsettle, "for it's yo'r's." "Aa! meystur, yo' dunnot tell true, dun yo?" said John, "whativer will yo' sey?" "Yhi, it's true enough," said Langsettle, "an' yo' mun go claim it at once." "Aa, well," said John, "aw niver thought aw mud ha' gooan soa far thro' whom, for aw've niver been further nor Stoidley Pike sin aw wur wick, an' aw niver wur a dey cawt o'th' seet o'th' Bill Nipe i' all mi life, an' neaw yo' sen aw mun goa all th' wey to London. Whativer will cawr Betty an' th' childer sey?" Then he drew his sleeve across his mouth, and wiped a tear from off his cheek with his coat cape, and said "aw niver thought o' aught like this—whativer will cawr Betty an' th' childer sey?" "Well," said Langsettle, "if yo' dooant want to goa aw'll give yo' a theawsand peawnd for't, an' yo'st sign it ower to me." When Finepins heard this he called out: "John, John, keep thi hand thro' papper; sign thee nought off; whativer tha does beside, keep thi hand thro' papper, an' stick to what tha has—ther's noa tellin heaw weel off we'st be yet. What, we'n yerd a wynd o'th' Mossdrop-hill—that's cawrs, and moor beside it; so

keep thi hand thro' papper." Langsettle having thus gained his point, went on to state that "he was well acquainted with th' Queen, an' hoo'd gien him lief to claim th' estates onny time; an' he'st o' had 'em just then but for th' Chancellor wantin ther numbers; heawiver, one o'th' claimants mud at once be sent off to get 'em, an' goa to th' Chancellor abeawt it." So they pitched upon Finepins as the ripest of them, and collected a handsome sum to send him off to London.

When this meeting was over the chief claimant hurried off home as quickly as possible, and as soon as he got into the house shouted to their Billy who was weaving by hand, "Billy, Billy, throw deawn this minute; not another pick shol ta weyve, an' if ivver thoor 'at belangs that warp have 't they'll booath fotch it and weyve it, for we'st niver carry it." Then he threw his arms into the air, and shouted "we dunnot need to work another strooak, we'n brass enough, we'll let 'em see hooas th' meystur neaw. Come on, Billy." Then they went into the wood close by, and began to cut down the boughs of the trees, and to stake out portions of land, when the gamekeeper dropped upon them, and asked what they were up to. "Op to?" said the claimant, "if theaw stops theer two minutes aw'll show thi, for aw'll tak thi o'th' top o' th' yed wi' this axe. Aw'll let yo' know this land es cawrs." The keeper said he didn't know that, and walked off, for fear the claimant might be off his mind, when the claimant cried out "wobbut aw'll let thi know, an' aw'll doff them leggins for thi afor two month to-dey, an' theaw mey tell thi mestur aw'll skift him at th' same time, an' his hall too; aw willn't be bothered wi' th' reek off it; think o' that neaw, an' dunnot let me catch thee o' my greawnd agean."

The first thing Threedbare did when he left the meeting was to go order a pack of flour, two baskets of red herrings, and a barrel of treacle, at which the shopkeeper was quite "capped," and said, "What, is yer brass comed?" "Nay, but it's as good as comed," said Threedbare, "we're as sure on 't as if we had it." "Wobbut," said the shopkeeper, "aw'm nooen as sure o' mi treycle an' yerrin, an' aw think aw shall be afor aw part with 'em. Aw'll see yo' wi' them heawnd dogs yo'n tawked so mitch abeawt, an' that white horse, afor aw trust yo' soa mitch stuff." "Waw, that weant be long afor," said Threedbare. "Noa moor parish pey thro' Billy Beaw. Noa moor going to bed beawt supper, an' gettin up agean to chell porridge, made off th' shakins o'th' fleawer pooak. Noa moor wearin owd thank yo' sir clooas, and cammed sho'in at's belanged to knock-kneed gentry. We'st be gentry uzels directly, an' if yo' we'ent find me aught neaw yo' shoant do then;" and away old Threedbare went.

When Finepins had made arrangements about going to London, he went and bought four-and-twenty new dickeys, a gold watchguard, and a gold key to wind up his watch with; and the day following got off his work to have a day's practice at acting the gentleman. When he set off to London his uncle Ab stood on the door-stones to watch him off to the train, and said to the old shoemaker "What, aw guess cawr Sally lad es goin after this brass?" "Yhi, aw guess soa," said he. "Well," said Ab, "they're sendin a reyt un, for he's a ripe un is cawr Sally lad, an' he'll make yond' Chancellor turn op th' brass,

an' teych 'em better nor keepin what they doent belong." And finely he did, too, for he came back as wise as he went, only that he had nearly seen the Queen one day, and had sat in her chair the day after. He said "aw've sought dey after dey for th' Chancellor, an' aw couldn't yer o' sitch a spot; aw doent believe ther is one, beside. Aw've axed a scoor o' pleecemen abeawt that inn at belongs to John-o'-Dickey's, but all aw could get cawt on 'em were, they axed me if aw wanted a ticket for th' 'sylum." This was rather a blank for the claimants; but when they told Langsettle at their next meeting he said he could make all right by getting the numbers himself, which he would do by the next month. He was then preparing to leave again, when Slippy-feet called him back, and said he'd caught a back-tin full o' treawts, an' he had 'em wick an' whol as they coom cawt o'th' poand, an' he'd make him a present on 'em; he could bring th' tin back next time he coom. Then the Bolderer lad stepped up, and took a great pot out of his pocket, and gave it to Langsettle, saying, "it's a jar o' rhuburb presarves 'at mi mother's send yo'; they're boiled i'th' best treycle—hoo said aw were to tell yo." Thus one and another made presents to Langsettle as many as he could well carry, among other things several rabbits and hares, and saw him off toward Hollinwood, in full hopes that he would bring everything settled for claiming the estates next time he came. And so confident were several of them about this, that they visited their reputed estates, and pretended to take possession by cutting up a sod, which they brought home with them.

On the day of the next meeting the claimants were so anxious to see if Langsettle had started off from home that they engaged another glass-reader to look if he had left Hollinwood for Todmorden. This glass-reader said he had; he could see him setting off with the wills and all else ready for the estates being claimed. At this news they were so delighted and so confident that it was true, that they threw down their tools and left their work, bidding good-bye to their fellow-workmen, and inviting them to look in on them now and then when they got into their new halls, and they should have plenty to go on with. Then they hasted off to meet Langsettle at Todmorden, but all in vain; he never appeared that day, and the chief claimant was also missing. This caused many wild speculations; some felt convinced that they had absconded with the deeds, and were intending roguing the claimants out of it. They had then to return home with their hearts nearer the lowest buttons of their waistcoats than when they came, to be laughed and jeered at by their fellow-men for their sanguine hopes and ridiculous conduct. However, Langsettle and the claimant turned up again in about a week, and explained that they had been called away about another very important case; this explanation satisfied all the claimants with the exception of one, who began to see a possibility that they were being gulled, and he questioned Langsettle very closely on some particular point. At this he became quite vexed, and declared he would have this claimant turned out of the room before he proceeded any further, so they turned him out. Langsettle then said: "Aw couldn't get all sattled off to-dey, thro' th' Queen havin had a christenin, an' they'n been varry neglectful at London this last week; but aw'm sure to have all ready next time aw come."



"Hear, hear," cried Threedbare, "aw've gotten a basket o' heavnd whelps on th' speck on 't, an' aw've ordered Jack-o'th'-Naze to get his leggins an' his gamkeepin clooas agean th' time aw want him." They then separated as usual, and talked about having two draw-days in one fortnight, and which of the farms they would occupy on their new estates.

The appointed day arrived when Langsettle should straighten all off, but when he had got about two miles up Burnley valley on his way to the Roe Buck Inn, Portsmouth, a railway collision occurred. As soon as the claimants heard of this they hastened off to see if Langsettle was amongst the rubbish; they found him all right, excepting he had received a slight shaking; so they seized him by the arms and escorted him to his destination, where he explained to them that the Chancellor had gone into the north of England to survey an estate similar to theirs, containing a vast amount of minerals which had just been claimed, therefore he had not been able to get all settled off yet. Just then one of the claimants rushed into the room shouting, "has he brought it? has he brought it?" "Ney; not to-dey," one said. The matter was then explained to him, when he proceeded to say that a number of the claimants' wives had just requested him to ask Langsettle to go to Burnley that day and have his likeness taken, and they would pay for it, and have one a-piece; for, said one, "we con niver forgive ussels if aught should happen him, an' we hannot a likeness on him, an' ther's sure sommat to befall him soiner or latter, he's sitch an angel ov a felley—he's too good for here." So Langsettle got a number of photographs taken to be looked at by the Wycollar Hall and Heptonstall estates' claimants, some of which remain to this day. By this time it had become quite evident to the turned-out claimant, and many others, that Langsettle was a wretched knave. They had found that the seals upon the pretended wills were those of the Hollinwood United Order of Odd Fellows; that the pretended wills were false; and that the whole affair was a piece of the rankest deception ever practised on a parcel of ignorant country people; and very shortly after Langsettle was taken into custody, tried, and sentenced to imprisonment in Manchester New Bailey, in which prison he ended his days, at the age of seventy-two years.

Thus the wild dreamings of the claimants passed as a vision of the night; and after having paid a half-crown per week each for more than two years, they were left with their eyes opened to the stern fact that they must work to live; that their hunting dogs and horses were but fancies of the mind, and that they had been the foolish dupes of one of the blackest liars between the two worlds.

The author of the above admirable sketch of Lancashire hillside life and character, as of some other similar sketches hardly less graphic, was a young man named *James Standing*, a native of the Burnley valley before-mentioned. The name "Standing" would appear to be a corruption of the older Anglo-Saxon name *Standen*, or *Standene*, signify-



ing "stony valley." Standing was born in the township of Cliviger, in June, 1848, his father being employed at the time in a coal-pit.

The township of Cliviger (*Clivacher*, rocky district) forms part of the romantic Burnley vale, which itself marks for a considerable distance the division between Lancashire and Yorkshire. It is remarkable for three different rivers which all take their rise here, viz., the East and West Calder, and the Irwell. It is as picturesque a region as is to be found within thirty miles of Manchester, and its natural charms have been much enhanced by the extensive plantings made during his lifetime by the late Dr. Whitaker, the learned historian of Whalley, whose patrimonial estate of "Holme" forms part of the district, and who long resided here.

We learn, with regard to Standing, that in his early youth he was distinguished for that restless activity which, when not directed to a proper end, frequently leads the subject into serious mischief; and that in consequence of this, and the *res angusta domi*, he was hooked into harness pretty early. Before attaining his eighth year he was set to work at a bobbin manufactory; some time later he worked in a cotton factory; and subsequently, his father having become a partner in a brickmaking business, young Standing went to assist in the brickyard. When in his teens studious habits developed themselves, and his natural parts being good Standing's progress in certain branches of knowledge was rapid. His chief studies were linguistic and philological, though he made fair progress in several other branches; and he not only attained to considerable proficiency in the French and German languages, but made a more than respectable acquaintance with the two literatures. And by the way, in looking over his papers, I find that Standing, with the practical and calculating turn of the people among whom he lived, was in the habit of summing up the *money*

*value* (according to his-own estimate) of his new intellectual acquirements!—a trait intensely characteristic, and one which confirms all that I have previously stated in this regard.

Very early Standing began to write pieces in the local dialect, both prose and verse, these first literary efforts of his generally finding a place in the columns of the *Todmorden Advertiser*, the oldest paper of the district, and to which he contributed up to within a few months of his death. But his object being to make his literary attainments and abilities “pay” at the earliest possible moment, and in the most feasible fashion, he shortly hit upon the idea of a kind of literary almanack, and at the end of 1873 issued his first *Lancashire and Yorkshire Comic, Historic, and Poetic Almanack*—a sufficiently sounding and comprehensive title, the last issue appearing in 1877, the year preceding his death. The literary matter filling this almanack is mainly written in the vernacular, and includes some of Standing’s best efforts, though these are sadly mixed with others very inferior. The Muses do not willingly serve Plutus, and very often when hooked into the household wagon the “fiery” Pegasus will not stir a foot! Nor, unless in posthumous fame, has much of the world’s best work ever been paid for. But present pence, rather than posthumous, or even present fame (which, after all, makes not the pot to boil), was wanted here; and Standing putting his literary wares into marketable shape, his almanack, with its sounding title, came to have a wide circulation not only in the Burnley valley but throughout the district. It is from one of these almanacks, viz., that issued for 1874, that I have drawn the foregoing history of “Old Langsettle and his Dupes.” Previously to the issue of this publication Standing had appeared before the Lancashire public as the author of a small collection of verse and prose pieces, in the local

dialect, under the title of *Echoes from a Lancashire Vale* (publisher, John Heywood, Manchester). This little *brochure*, which reached a second thousand, contains one or two things so very characteristic that I shall take the opportunity of extracting them. Here is one, a true picture of a Burnley valley interior, entitled "Wimmen's Wark es Niver Done:"

Aw dunnot reckon aw con preytch,  
 Aw ne'er were treyn'd to do 't,  
 Yet may be aw cud make a speech  
 If aw were reyt put to 't;  
 At least aw've lang'd sometimes to try,  
 An' neaw aw've like begun,  
 An' this es th' text aw've taen i' hand—  
 "Wimmen's wark es niver done."  
 O'th' Monday morn aw get up tired—  
 A child tug, tug at th' breast;  
 Aw think sometimes aw'd lig whol eight,  
 But really ther's no rest.  
 Bi th' workers get off to ther wark  
 Another lot begin  
 To romp abeawt, an' feight, an' heyt,  
 An' make a weary din;  
 One's sheawtin—"Mother, do get up  
 An' come an' lick eawr John,  
 He's makin' sugar-butter-cakes,  
 An' leyin' treycle on;  
 Eawr Billy's been i'th' cobberd top  
 An' brokken th' fancy plate  
 Ut yo tell'd us we mudn't touch—  
 Yo'd put it eawt o'th' gate."  
 An' then eawr Betty's rootin' up  
 I'th' box ut should be fast;  
 Eawr Tommy's runn'd eawt in his shirt  
 An's makin' cakes wi nast."

This way they carry on ther pranks,  
 An' make ther rows i'th' heawse,  
 Whol aw'm plump foarc'd to get op too,  
 For talkin's ov no use.  
 Aw've then to buckle to mi wark,  
 For aw've so mich to do  
 Whol 't ligs i' yeps o' ivery side,  
 An' plenty on't for two.

Wi' th' young un skrikin' i' mi arms,  
 Aw do th' jobs as aw con :  
 Aw've th' breykfast first of all to make,  
 An' th' childer's clooas to don ;  
 Then two or three mun off to th' schooil,  
 An' that i' time an' all ;  
 Or else they'll say they dar' not go  
 An' sit ther deawn an' bawl.  
 Th' clock then strikes nine afoore aw've th' chance  
 To get a bite o' meyt.  
 A mother's no chance fur hersel  
 Whol th' childer's eawt o'th' gate.  
 It's reyk mi this, an' fotch mi t' tother,  
 Gie mi that, an' bring another,  
 This button stitch, that gallus sew,  
 This shirt sleeve mend—it's all i' tew ;  
 An' mony a scoor o' little jobs  
 'At aw con hardly mention,  
 That all tak op a mother's time,  
 Her patience an' attention.

Bi th' time aw get mi child asleep,  
 Aw've then to start an' shap  
 To make a dinner o' some kind  
 Whol th' babby gets a nap ;  
 When in come two or three fro' th' schooil,  
 An' start o' roatin' eawt—  
 " Han yo' etten all t' parkin up ?  
 Aw'll bet yo'n laft me beawt."  
 Aw've then to grin, an' stamp, an' feight,  
 An' jowl ther yeds together ;  
 An' spite ov all they wakken th' child  
 An' cause mi endless bother ;  
 So that aw coan't ha' th' dinner made  
 Bi th' tother lot come in ;  
 Aw've then their freawnin' looks to tak',  
 Beside their plaguey din.  
 They niver seem to think it aught  
 Heawiver aw've to run,  
 An' niver seem to gie 't a thought  
 Ut my wark's niver done.

Aw think sometimes aw should be made  
 To do beawt rest or bed,  
 Wi' double hands at oather side,  
 An' een all round mi yed :

Aw cudn't then mind ivery point,  
 An' keep all corners reyt—  
 Wheer ther's a rook o' childer kept  
 Yo' connut keep things streyt.  
 I'th' afternoin aw'm thranged wi' wark,  
 Aw've ne'er no time to leyk ;  
 Ther's weyshin' deys an' cleanin' deys,  
 An' deys to cook and bake,  
 An' mony a hundred bits o' jobs  
 'At mothers han' to do.  
 Ther's weyshin' up, an' mendin' stuff,  
 An' th' bit o' nursin' too ;  
 But th' creawnin' point ov all, aw think,  
 Is after six at neet :  
 A'a ! what a pantomime ther is !  
 It'd cap yo' all to see 't :  
 One sits i'th' nook, its face awry,  
 An' makin' sich a din—  
 It's yerd a hurdy-gurdy chap,  
 An' neaw it's practisin'.  
 Another's seen some huntin' dogs,  
 An's looin' like a heawnd,  
 Or sheawtin' like th' owld huntin' chap—  
 It seems to fancy th' seawnd.  
 Then one or two 'at's deawn o'th' floor  
 Are usin' all ther brains  
 To puff an' blow, an' yell an' crow,  
 Like whistlin' railway trains.  
 Another batch o'th' bigger end  
 Are jackin' o'er ther wark,  
 Or playin' bits o' crafty tricks,  
 To have a merry lark.  
 At th' end of all they disagree,  
 An' then, folks, A'a, what bother !  
 One turns to bein' meysterful,  
 An' starts o' cleawtin' t'other.  
 Aw've then to start an' feight mysel',  
 For tawkin's eawt o' date ;  
 They've gotten hoofed wi' 't, like th' owd chap,  
 An' laugh to yer mi prate.  
 An' as for *him*, he takes no part  
 I' keepin' th' corners square ;  
 Heawiver heedless th' childer be,  
 He niver seems to care ;  
 An' 'steead o' leyin' on a hand,  
 An' helpin' what he con,

He leovs all t' bits o' jobs to me,  
 Whol mi wark's niver done.  
 At last ov all they get to bed ;  
 Aw'm some an' feyn to see 't,  
 For it's a comfort to be quiet  
 An heawr or two at neet.  
 Aw wish sometimes aw had been born  
 Below a lucky star,  
 Wi' all mi looaves an' muffins baked,  
 Like th' gentle folks's are.  
 But, then, agen, aw think, for sure,  
 All persons have ther ills ;  
 We'd just as weel be killed wi' wark  
 As dee wi' takkin' pills.  
 Then when aw look at th' childer's cheeks  
 It brings joy to my heart ;  
 Aw tak' a noble pride to think  
 Aw act a woman's part.  
 An' though aw ha' no halls nor land  
 'At aw mi own con call,  
 Aw'm blest wi' childer fresh an' fair,  
 An' that cawtweighs 'em all.

In 1876 Standing published what he calls his "*Continental Run*:" comprising a glance at the chief Cities of Europe," a stiffish *brochure* of some fifty pages, which attained a considerable local circulation.

About the time that Standing began authorship he emerged from the brickyard, and established a school at "Vale," in the Burnley valley, which he conducted for several years with marked success. But having married, and becoming seized with a fierce desire—"fierce" is the word—to "get on in the world," he gave up school-teaching, and started the business of a boot, shoe, and leather dealer, in the neighbouring town of Todmorden, in conjunction with his father. To this he shortly after added the trade of a tobacconist, which he carried on at Burnley, eight miles distant. And, as if this were not enough, he engaged, at the same time, in the profession of auctioneer and general appraiser in the two last-named towns! In one of his poems

in the dialect already quoted, in one of those *occasional* strokes which prove his latent powers, and show what he might, with due patience and painstaking, have done and become, Standing says :

But, then, agen, aw think, for sure,  
All persons have ther ills ;  
*We'd just as weel be killed wi' wark*  
*As dee wi' takkin' pills!*

The sparkling wit and appositeness of this passage are worthy of Burns, that prince of dialect writers, and finding these *occasional* "nuggets" one is constrained to exclaim :  
*O si sic omnia !*

We'd just as weel be killed wi' wark  
As dee wi' takkin' pills.

Yes ! but only the healthy man can snap his fingers at the doctors ; and about this time poor Standing's health began to fail him to such an extent that he was fain to resort to what, in his provincial way, he always called "doctor's physic." All the above trades, businesses, callings, and occupations, with the accompanying turmoil and anxieties, were too much for even a strong man. The "pills" had to be "takk'n" at last !

To add to his difficulties and sorrows, his poor wife, whose health had never been robust, now suddenly fell sick and died ; his only surviving child soon followed : the bitter cup was charged to the brim. Worn out with grief and anxiety, as well as with sickness, Standing succumbed, and within the brief period of eight months father, mother, and child were gathered in one common grave under the green-sward of the little Baptist Chapel at Vale—a sudden and a tragical ending, indeed, to a career at one time not wanting in promise.

It was some time before his death, which occurred in February, 1878, that I last saw Standing, at Hurstwood, on the borders of his native Cliviger—Hurstwood, for ever

renowned as the sometime home of the poet Spenser—a quaint little village, near which the sparkling and wood-fringed Brun, whose source is in the wild moorlands above, comes tumbling with foam over mossy rocks, or glides silently in deep pools darkened by overhanging foliage. On the banks of this stream, so charming at this point, Standing, who was in poor health at the time, lingered in the twilight of a still, autumn day to rest awhile, for, along with a party of friends, we had had what he called a “heavy run” over the crags and fells of Cliviger. In the twilight he lingered long, muttering, if I rightly remember, those beautiful lines of Schiller’s:—

In des Herzens heilig stille Räume  
Musst du fliehen aus des Lebens Drang!

and in the twilight we bade him good-bye—as it happened, a last good-bye. And reflecting, now, upon the sad changes that so speedily followed, it seems twilight still, but a twilight deepening into darkness and night.

Personally I was attached to Standing, for, despite a somewhat uncouth exterior, and manners that might be called “provincial,” he was a person of the tenderest sensibility and the most delicate heart, who had read the poets carefully and thoughtfully, and with one of the greatest of the moderns had heard

The still, sad music of humanity!

In him the kernel of the nut was as sweet as the husk was rough. With Nature who, as Maine de Biran says, “ever whispers consoling secrets to attentive ears,” Standing walked, as with a mistress whom he loved. To all her changing aspects his eyes were open; and often in journeying, a solitary traveller, over the dusky moors that stretch for miles and miles around his home he had felt

The silence that is in the starry sky,  
The sleep that is among the lonely hills!



As is often the case, though Standing's acquaintances were many, his friends were few ; but to those few he was singularly devoted, and one of them tells, with much emotion even yet, how when he had suddenly fallen a victim to an infectious disease of a most virulent character, and lay sick unto death, none daring to approach him, Standing loyally came to his bedside, at the risk of his own life, and nursed him into health again !—a noble instance of that kind of moral grandeur and heroism which the poets have not too much dwelt on.

Among Standing's friends above referred to were Dr. Spencer T. Hall, the late Mr. Wilkinson, of Burnley, Mr. Henry Nutter, of the same town, and others. Among his numerous acquaintances were not a few gentlemen connected with the Manchester Literary Club, of which he was for several years a useful member. And when Messrs. Nodal and Milner began the compilation of their *Glossary of Lancashire Words*, Standing rendered them an assistance which was deemed worthy of public acknowledgment.

With regard to Standing's writings, they have been thought by some to be more or less open to the charge of coarseness, but to this charge their author was wont to reply that he did but paint men and women as he found them—from the life, and as Cromwell desired to be painted—with the wart on his nose. To the writer of this memoir his translations from the French and German, and his compositions in the dialect, were sent up from the beginning. Nor was it long before I detected in the latter some traces of original power, some departures, welcome however slight, from the deep-worn ruts and grooves of the hackneyed, some variety from the eternal *réchauffement*, and everlasting hash-up of things, though accompanied by every fault of execution. And I enjoined him to follow Boileau's oft-quoted advice in similar circumstances :

Polissez et repolissez,  
 Abrégez quelquefois, et souvent effacez.

Had Standing survived, and found himself able to adopt the above friendly counsel, I believe that, with his undoubted originality, his keen insight into character, and his overflowing humour, he might have made a name in literature. As it is, and brief as must, from the very nature of the case, be the fame of writers in any dialect whatsoever (save in rare instances of supreme genius), I venture to think that one or two, at least, of these sketches of Standing's will live yet for some years, and this by the vivid and "fast" colours in which he has painted a condition of things phenomenal amid so much general enlightenment, but which is surely passing, and will in the course of another generation have totally passed, away.

NOTE.—*Have the dialects been used too extensively?*—The question whether dialects, as literary vehicles, *can* be used too extensively is one well worth discussing. A continental writer (E. Seinguerlet) declares himself upon the question in the following emphatic manner:—*Je ne nie pas qu'un langage rustique n'ait un caractère de droiture et de bonhomie, un air cordial et franc, un arôme agreste qui séduit au premier abord. Mais . . . quelque valeur prétendue poétique qu'on veuille reconnaître au patois, ce qui doit le condamner aux yeux des amis du progrès et leur impose le devoir de l'étouffer et non de le ressusciter, c'est que partout il est au-dessous du niveau intellectuel du pays, qu'il est impuissant à traduire ce qui fait la gloire de la nation, de grandes pensées et de larges aspirations politiques et sociales, que c'est un instrument imparfait, un moyen duquel nul homme n'arrivera jamais à s'élever à la hauteur de la civilisation qui l'entoure, &c., &c.*





## HENRI-FRÉDÉRIC AMIEL.

BY E. B. HINDLE.

AMIEL'S *Journal Intime*\* came accidentally into my hands not long after its publication in Switzerland. I knew nothing of it beforehand, and felt but little tempted to read it. One day, however, I carelessly turned over the first few pages, and then I read on and on, and could scarcely lay down the book till I had read it all. I found it one of the most fascinating works I had ever read, remarkable alike for variety and originality of thought, and for nobility and beauty of style, and one, it seemed to me, that should rank among the classics of the age, and place its writer with the immortals. The two volumes consist of extracts from a private diary extending over a period of more than thirty years, commencing in 1848, and continued till the end of April, 1881, one week only before the death of the author, who, during nearly the whole time, was professor of æsthetics and philosophy at Geneva. Preceding the diary is an interesting introductory study by Edmond Scherer, one of the most able and acute of contemporary French critics, and by no means an unworthy successor of Sainte-Beuve in his prefaces to De Sénancour's *Obermann* and the *Journal* of Maurice de Guérin, two

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\* Genève. H. Georg. Paris. Robert. Two vols. 1884.

works of a somewhat similar character to the one I am now dealing with. He had the advantage of some acquaintance with Amiel, and I think I cannot do better in the first place than give a *résumé* of his introduction. Scherer starts by saying that he knew Amiel too late and lost sight of him too soon to be able to write his life, and will, therefore, confine himself to a study of his character and his thoughts. He does, however, mention some points in his history which greatly influenced his destiny, and tended to make of him the solitary and melancholy dreamer he was. A native of Geneva, Amiel was early left an orphan, and at school was very unhappy; but those wretched youthful days were succeeded by a brighter time spent as a student in Germany, where was opened to his dazzled eyes the world of science and of philosophical speculation, making upon him most lasting impressions, and causing him subsequently to look back upon that time as about the happiest period of his life. Long afterward he could not speak without emotion of the impression of august serenity enveloping him when, rising before dawn and lighting his student's lamp, he went to his desk as to an altar, reading, meditating, in concentration of thought seeing the ages pass before him, space unroll, and the absolute become plain and palpable. Returning to Geneva, young, learned, travelled, and accomplished, the world seemed before him where to choose. In a few months he obtained a chair at the Academy. This, however, instead of being the happy circumstance it should have been, was on the contrary a great misfortune, and exercised a most unhappy influence upon his life and career. Shortly before his return there had been a political revolution at Geneva, resulting in the Democratic party obtaining power and office. Among other dismissals which then took place were those of the professors of the Academy, and it was to one of the chairs thus rendered vacant that Amiel was appointed. Though

far from being a politician, in the ordinary sense of the word, his writings show that he was not by any means in sympathy with those who appointed him. Nevertheless, in consequence of his taking the appointment from them, he was cut off from all the society of the place that would have been congenial to him, and suffered a lasting and cruel isolation—to him a martyrdom. It would not have mattered so much if he had obtained great academic or literary success, but the constitution of his mind and his modes of thought and work prevented such results. The reasons why he produced so little, and why that little was so unsatisfactory, are now disclosed by his diary, where they are shown with a rigour of analysis which leaves nothing to be desired. But they were a mystery to his friends during his life. Scherer describes a time when he with one or two friends and Amiel made regular excursions, delightful days which in distant memory seem lit with golden shafts of light, with health, youth, and friendship, the pleasures of the country being joined to the exchange of ideas, the caprices of fancy, and the sallies of gaiety. When Amiel went with them it was indeed a feast. He threw unexpected light upon subjects the most abstruse. He animated them with his heartiness. If his grammatical niceties sometimes vexed them, how often, on the other hand, did he cause them to admire the variety of his knowledge, the precision of his ideas, the graces of his mind. Always, moreover, amiable, benevolent, one of those natures we can depend upon in all security. He left them only one regret. They could not understand how it was that a man so admirably endowed produced nothing or only produced nothings. Advice, remonstrance, made no difference. He still continued to produce work in which there was an evident disproportion between the merit of the writer and the value of the result. One of the last of these productions, *Les Étrangères*, was dedicated to Scherer, who then publicly

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expressed his dissatisfaction, but who now, while he does not reproach himself for having been sincere, regrets to have known too late, by the reading of this journal, the solution of a problem which at the time seemed hardly serious to him, but which to-day he feels was tragic, and he is remorseful not to have been able before to understand Amiel and to mitigate his sufferings by a sympathy born of pity and admiration. Scherer continues,—Amiel had a habit without which he would in all probability have been quickly forgotten. He trusted to paper almost daily his ideas, his agitations, his complaints. There as in a secret sanctuary he interrogated his conscience, placed himself again in face of the enigmas of life, and acquired renewed strength in meditation upon duty and in the contemplation of the infinite. An exercise dangerous from the risk of increasing the torments of a spirit inclined before to turn his thoughts upon himself, but which also serves sometimes to re-establish the equilibrium of a soul in forcing it to consider things in their proper light. There is a pacifying and satisfactory influence in a confession made pen in hand; we separate ourselves from our adversities in putting upon paper the griefs we have against fate and against ourselves. Amiel was faithful to this habit until the last days of his life, and has thus left to us, along with the proof of gifts superior to all we ever suspected in him, the most precious resources for the history of his thought. The difference between what we knew of him and what we shall know of him will be one of the most curious facts of literary history. We believed him sterile, and he is inexhaustible; we reproached him for wasting his time upon *jeux d'esprit*, and we discover in him an extraordinary profundity of thought and sentiment; we were annoyed in his writings with a kind of affectation, and the form here becomes large and sometimes magnificent, throwing into philosophy all that personal emotion can communicate

of eloquence. Ease and force have replaced laboured refinement. The writer that we have seen not long ago occupied in dissecting words and weighing syllables has now at the end of his pen a language which lends itself by turns to the precise statement of questions, to subtle analysis of sentiments, to sublime description of the apparent universe, and to forceful poetry relating to the problem of destiny. Scherer does not know with what to compare the journal of Amiel as a drama of thought, as a meditation at once religious and disquieted concerning the mysteries of existence, except the monologues of Maine de Biran, of Maurice de Guérin, and of Étienne de Sénancour. But, he says, Amiel penetrates to depths more profound, and his suffering has in it something more august than theirs; the dazzling transplendency of the infinite, the suspicion of the indifference of the universe. His speculative philosophy is very differently vast, his morbid psychology very differently curious, his moral perplexity very differently pathetic. He would be indefinable if he had not defined himself in his journal with ingenuity and exactness as uniting in himself extreme objectivity of thought with extreme subjectivity of sentiment, and then he speaks of himself as being occupied concerning the two limits of being to the neglect of what is between. Amiel is there complete; he contemplates the universe in his abstraction—that is to say, outside his relations with life and its needs, the victim of that double nobleness of intelligence and sentiment struggles in vain against the conditions of action. The intelligence of Amiel is of marvellous avidity and activity. Possessed of a universal curiosity he seeks less to conclude than to know, less to master and combine than to embrace. One need dominates, the expression of which often occurs in his journal, “the need of totality.” Limits disquiet him. Nothing in his conception exists apart from the whole. Up to this

point we have only the man of knowledge and awakened thought. Here, however, commence the peculiarities of the man. His nature is plastic and takes all forms that he wills, his mentality fails in concentration and tends to confound itself with things, his being is fluid and yields to the solicitations of the infinite. He speaks often of this faculty of transmutation, of putting away his personality and placing himself in other conditions of consciousness or even of unconsciousness, and calls it by turns simplification, reimplication, proteism. He introduced the subject in an early work of his entitled *Grains de Mil*, and described, in such vivid sentences as to startle Scherer and arouse his curiosity, "the process of reducing himself to the condition of a germ, a point, of latent existence, of being able to free himself from space, from time, from body, and from life, and to plunge from circle to circle as far as the darkness of his primitive existence, and to experience through innumerable metamorphoses the sensation of his own genesis." The gift of Amiel to transport himself into determined states of existence connects itself with a higher faculty still, that of identification with the generality of the universe. He depicts the protean nature as capable of perpetual metamorphosis and polarization, as containing all potentiality, loving form, and yet not taking any definite form, a spirit so subtle and fugitive that no base can absorb or fix it, reissuing from every temporary combination, free, volatile, and despairingly independent. Later he writes that he finds it necessary to make an effort to affirm himself, to personalize himself. The abyss draws and attracts him always, the infinite tempts him, the mystery of it all fascinates him, the unification, the henosis of Plotinus, intoxicates him like a philtre. Disgust with his individual life and the swallowing up of his private will in the pure consciousness of the universal activity is his prevailing tendency, his weakness, his instinct.



Scherer goes on to remark that to put off personality, even to lose it in the infinite, is still activity, still personality, but the infinite demands even the rest of conscious life. Under the fascination of the absolute the soul becomes more and more passive. The mystic throws himself with a kind of voluptuous feeling into the bottomless abyss of possibilities. From the embryonic nothing which he touched just now, Amiel descends to the nothing of the universal illusion. His intoxication of soul and of style communicates itself to his reader. We assist at prodigies of speculative thought described in language not less prodigious. Thus Amiel writes in 1856:—

I find no voice for what I experience. I am plunged in profoundest meditation. I hear my heart beating and my life passing. It seems to me that I am become a statue on the banks of the river of Time, that I assist at some mystery whence I shall issue old or without age. I feel myself anonymous, impersonal, with an eye fixed like that of the dead, and a spirit vague and universal, like the absolute or the nothing. I am as it were suspended; I am as though I were not. In these moments it seems as if my consciousness withdrew into its eternity. It sees circulating within it its stars and its nature, with its seasons and its myriads of individual things. It perceives itself in its very substance superior to all form, containing its past, its present, and its future, a void which includes everything, a medium at once fertile and invisible, the virtuality of a world which disengages itself from its own existence in order to recover itself in its pure essence. In these sublime moments the soul has returned to the state of indetermination, she has unravelled herself, she has become once more a divine embryo. Everything effaces and dissolves itself, resumes the primitive state, returns to its original fluidity, without form, without angle, without fixed plan. This condition is contemplation, and not stupor. It is neither painful, nor joyous, nor sad; it is beyond everything special in feeling, as it is beyond everything finite in thought. It is the consciousness of being and the consciousness of the omnipossibility latent in the depth of being. It is the sensation of the spiritual infinite.

Reading these things reminds one of a passage in Maurice de Guérin, recounting some remarks of M. de Lamennais: "Do you know," said M. Féli (the pet name for M. de Lamennais in the circle at La Chênaie), "do you know why man is the most suffering of creatures? It is because he has one foot in the finite and the other in the infinite, and that

he is torn asunder, not by wild horses as in the horrible old times, but between two worlds." Also one is reminded of the saying of Xenophanes: "Wherever I turn to consider I am lost in the one and all," upon which Emerson has founded some beautiful thoughts in poetic form. And much of modern poetry manifests something of the same tendency, in the identification of man and nature, in the recognition of the interpenetration, interfusion, and harmony of parts in the universe and of the union of finite and infinite, and in subtle analysis of their relations, all this evidencing the alert and restless intellectuality of our day, the widening of our mental horizon, and a grander, deeper mental vision. Passing over fifteen years, we find Amiel still haunted by the same thoughts, but expressing them always with new eloquence. Thus again he says:

The individual life is a nothing which does not know itself, and so soon as this nothing comes to such knowledge, the individual life is in principle abolished. As soon as the illusion disappears the nothing again takes up its eternal rôle, the suffering of life is ended, error disappears, time and form have ceased to be for that enfranchised individuality, the bubble has evaporated in infinite space, and the misery of thought in the immutable repose of the illimitable nothing. The absolute, if it were mind, would still be activity; and activity, daughter of desire, is incompatible with the absolute. The absolute is the zero of all determination, and the only mode of being that agrees with it is the nothing.

The need of totality, Scherer observes in continuation, aspiration towards the infinite, the thirst of the absolute—transport all that into the domain of personal sentiment, into the labour of conscience, and you will have idealism. Amiel was martyr to the ideal. He did not marry, and, speaking of love, he says that it is for him something so sacred that he trembles to pass the threshold, as one would recoil from opening the letter that may contain sentence of death. He does not do what he desires, he wills not what he wills, because the ideal realized is no longer the ideal, because to abase it to the conditions of the finite and the

imperfect would be a profanation. The consequence was that Amiel in love drew back before avowal, and in literature recoiled from completing a work. Idealism is the contradiction *par excellence*, since the ideal is only a chimera if it does not tend to realization, and it cannot be realized without ceasing to be the ideal. We need not then be surprised to find Amiel complaining of the contradictions of his nature, nor to find at the bottom of these contradictions that timidity the secret of which he has just revealed to us. He has an aphorism that "Each is generally the contrary of what he wishes to be," and thus ingeniously endeavours to formulate the law of that condition :

We are the contrary of what we love. The elements of our nature ordinarily hold each other in check and counterpoise. We are generally what we reprove. We tend towards extremes and towards equilibrium, from thence our contradictions, our laws of alternation. Each marked tendency induces in us an opposite tendency.

He becomes himself the plaything of this antinomianism, and is ever referring to it :

Action is my cross because it should be my dream. It is through infinite ambition that I have no ambition. I have need of success to enable me to trust in myself and to utilize the force I have, and I disdain success. The immensity of my ambition has cured me of ambition. How can one become enthusiastic over anything mean, when one has tasted of infinite life?

Then come refinements natural to this subtle soul. Amiel not only renounces the attainment of an end he has placed too high, he even acts in a contrary direction, his own interest being to him an ignoble and servile motive. We can here see the strangeness of this case. Doubtless we may encounter instances of sentiment too delicate, of soul too sensible, and at the same time of self-love too susceptible, pride too awakened, the fear of humiliation too great, to risk a defeat, but there was something more with Amiel. Attracted by anything desirable, he fled from it through fear of disenchantment, and in order better to do so he threw himself against it. Asceticism of soul carried to too great lengths,

repression of aspiration which did not dare, and punished itself for not knowing how. All who were intimate with Amiel agree concerning the contradictory aspects of his nature, the oppositions of his character resulting at once in richness and sterility, ambiguity and charm. Even his idealism appeared a weakness as well as a nobility. And what other contrasts of every kind. The religious sense and audacities of intellect, mysticism and mental curiosity, ambition and apathy, timidity and pride, reserve and the need of *abandon*, candour and irony, despair and frivolity, the taste and desire for great, the greatest, things and childishness—in short, something in all his modes of being which condemned his real value and nobility to remain unrecognized. The spiritual constitution of Amiel gives us his life, one long struggle against the virile conditions of existence, his great grief the will that cannot will, his work, the conscious and completed work which amounts to little, and the work unconscious and fragmentary, the observation of himself, the daily psychological annotations of which nothing surpasses the interest. Everything unites to make Amiel unfit for action. The passion for the complete and perfect, which is only one of the forms of preoccupation concerning the absolute, with him incessantly intervenes between conception and execution. How can he ever put pen to paper when he believes it his duty to say all that can be said, and wishes to say it better than well? He is dominated, according to his own expression, by the metaphysical sentiment of the infinite multitude of possibilities, and by the critical sentiment of the insufficiency of each possibility presented. Constantly dwelling upon the absolute, the infinite, was another of his drawbacks, as were also his over-keen reflective power, his too penetrating critical sense, and his too rigorous taste. "Analytical, dreamy, unsatisfied soul," Amiel reproaches himself, "thou wilt spoil all because ever thou goest straight

to the defect." The intensity of his interior life rendered him unfit for the ordinary *rôle*. A contemplative spirit such as his could not interest itself to persuade or bend to the minds of others. The state, the public, opinion, he avows were apart from his life and meant scarcely anything to him, and this without taking into account the natural aversion of the thinker for the degradations of propagandism and the disdain of intellectual aristocracy for the masses. He writes:

I never think of the public, of utility, of general information, and I experience a sufficient joy in having participated in a mystery, in having discovered something profound, in having touched some sacred reality. It suffices me to know—to express, to inform seems to profane and improperly disclose such knowledge. This is quite a feminine instinct, the protection of sentiment, the shrouding of individual experiences, silence concerning finer secrets. I incline towards esotericism, towards Pythagorean discretion, through my aversion from vulgar boasting. My essential faculty is facility of metamorphosis, the comprehension of the infinite diversities of life in different beings. To repeat and reproduce in myself by sympathetic understanding all individual existences is more easy for me than to live my own life. From the commencement I have been a dreamer, fearing to act, loving the perfect, and as incapable to waive its requirements as to satisfy them; in short, an expanded intellect and a weak character, curious to experience all things, and unfit to execute anything. The ideal has cut me off from all positive ambition. Moreover, I have never had a distinct view of my true vocation nor, consequently, fixity of purpose, consistency of nature, persistence in work. Complete disillusion means absolute immobility. He who has read the answer to the problem has departed from the world of the living; he is dead indeed.

Amiel did not thus think of and see himself without keenest suffering. Calm dominates in these analyses of destiny because they are analyses. But this calm is deceitful, and gives place at times to lyrics of complaint. Listen to the description of an evening in the return of Spring; it is the monody of despair:

I sing in subdued voice some dreamy melody, and I hear my heart say to the stars—How many times shall I again behold you? What is there for me beyond this life? And why does it afford me so little joy? Thy zenith is passed, and already thou goest towards thy setting. Empty heart, poor existence, declining force, youth flown, time lost, joys absent, dreams vanished, hopes destroyed, sad realities which thou canst not but grasp and recognize in spite of thyself.

Amiel most often only accuses himself of his fate. Sometimes, however, his complaints are generalized and addressed not to his destiny but to destiny itself. He says, in one part of his journal :

Certainly, Nature is iniquitous, without shame, without probity, without faith. She wishes to know only gratuitous favour or mad aversion, and understands only the compensation of one injustice by another. The happiness of some is compensated by the unhappiness of a far greater number. It is useless to wrangle with a blind force. The human conscience revolts against that law, and to satisfy its instinct of justice has imagined two hypotheses, of which it has made a religion, the idea of an individual providence and the hypothesis of another life. And there is a protestation against Nature declared immoral and scandalous.

Scherer next proceeds to discuss whether Amiel should be described as a pessimist. He says the point of departure is unhappily unmistakable, unquestionable. Sorrow and human perversity are realities, which cannot be denied. But thought in presence of these facts can take one of three attitudes—optimism, pessimism, or the acceptance of the inevitable, and, after making a number of interesting observations too lengthy, however, to quote, he concludes that Amiel was not an optimist—he suffered too much for that; nor a pessimist—for generally it did not please him to speak ill or hopelessly of human destiny; nor was he resigned, for he revolted against the sovereignty of things. “I do not accept,” he writes, “the force, the fact, the reality, which oppress without persuading me.” Above all he does not accept himself. Amiel, we should always remember, is the victim of a very peculiar psychological constitution, which is at once his misery and his grandeur. Soul, tender and modest, he struggles between love which desires possession and the satisfaction which profanes; artist, between the ideal which aspires to realization and the realization which is the violation of the idea; thinker, between the speculation which is only at ease in the infinite and an infinite which gives him only nothingness; man, between the will which

wishes to will and the impotence of will to furnish motives. Recalling an expression of Fromentin in *Dominique*, he resembles a man who, by a miracle, has been enabled to see life from outside of it. He had the religious temperament, as his journal abundantly testifies, but along with keenest intellectuality and widest toleration. He was neither orthodox nor heretic, believer nor unbeliever, he was where these oppositions had no place. We are not here reduced to conjectures. A passage from his journal, written three months before his death, gives us, as his last word on the subject, explanations full of interest concerning his religious thought. He writes :

For many years past the immanent God has been more real to me than the transcendent God. The religion of Jacob has been more strange to me than that of Kant, or even of Spinoza. All the Semitic dramaturgy has appeared to me a work of imagination. In my eyes the Apostolical documents have changed in value and meaning. Belief and truth have with increasing clearness become things distinct. Religious psychology has become a simple phenomenon, and has lost fixed and soul-fact value. The apologetics of Pascal, of Leibnitz, of Secrétan, do not seem to me more convincing than those of the middle ages, for they assume that which is in question : a revealed faith, a definite and immutable Christianity. It seems to me that what remains from all my studies is a new phenomenology of mind, an intuition of the universal metamorphosis. All particular convictions, all distinct principles and formulæ, all teachable ideas, are only prejudices, possibly useful in practice, but really only narrowness of mind. The absolute in detail is absurd and contradictory. All political, religious, æsthetic, or literary parties are but immobilities of thought. Every special belief represents thought become stiffened and obtuse. But this consistency is necessary in its place and time. The thinking monad frees itself from the limits of time and space and from its historical surrounding, but in its individual capacity, and for the sake of action, it adapts itself to current illusions, and proposes to itself a determinate end.

After so many analyses and distinctions, have we, asks Scherer, at last Amiel wholly before us? Scarcely, he adds, for Amiel in reckoning up his life forcibly re-opened the sources of his sadness, so his daily chronicle contained few traces of that gaiety of character of which he had much. Thus more and more we find in his character, as in his intelligence, there is something we cannot lay hold of, too

movable and too fluid to be completely defined. Scherer thus concludes his study of his friend. The soul and the life of Amiel, we have sufficiently seen, are a tissue of contrasts; however, it is the greatest as it is the last paradox of his existence, that not having been able to give us the measure of his capacity in work planned and thought out, he has left to us after his death, in sibylline leaves, a book that will not die, and the value of the book consists precisely in the fidelity with which he there retraces the sufferings of a sterile genius. In those pages Amiel intends to put himself entirely as he is, with the result that he shows himself stripped of all the infirmities of his nature. He there recounts his sorrows, but the secret of his evil fate is sublime and the expression of it is admirable. In writing his confessions Amiel is not composing or producing, consequently he is not combatting for an ideal that flees from him, he is not oppressed by the burden of a perfection he cannot seize. The unique character of the work lies in the fact that it was never intended to be one. Amiel has only done that, he was condemned to do only that, and he was at the same time condemned to do it marvellously. I say condemned, for he has not written this journal with his talent but with the substance of his soul, with the palpitations of his life. His unhappiness and his genius are inseparable. He was of those who have touched with their wing the angel of visions ineffable and of sadnesses divine.

The above is mainly a summary of Scherer's introductory study, which extends over about a third of the first volume, and is so complete an account of Amiel, so excellent an analysis of his journal, that, having extracted so much of it, I might very well here conclude this paper. I cannot refrain, though, from giving a few more quotations from the diary, of which there is scarcely a page that does not contain elevating and beautiful thought, evidences of refinement,



learning, culture, critical insight, and intellectual power. Ever he manifests his love of the beautiful, and some passages of description are prose poems of extraordinary beauty. Throughout the book, too, are scattered, like sparkling gems, aphorisms and maxims of profound wisdom and originality. It is almost impossible to render these things so as to convey the beauty of the original; certainly I cannot do so, and I only hope that what I have done may lead to a study of the book itself, a study that I can confidently say will be amply repaid. I find I must omit many passages I had marked for the purpose of translation, though I do so very reluctantly. Many of them are too long, and then again there is the difficulty of choice, the embarrassment of riches. Here is something written at the beginning of 1867 commencing the second volume, a sort of keynote to the whole, an indication of the thoughts with which the mind of Amiel is constantly occupied. He then writes:

I distinctly hear the drops of my life falling in the devouring gulf of eternity. I feel the flight of my days before the angel of death. All that remain to me of weeks, of months, or of years in which I may drink in the light of the sun, appear to me scarcely more than a night, a night of summer that does not count, for it begins but to end. Death! Silence! The abyss! Dreadful mysteries for the being who aspires to immortality, happiness, perfection. Where shall I be to-morrow, in a little time when I shall no longer breathe? Where will be those whom I love? Where are we going? What are we? These eternal problems are always presenting themselves before us in their implacable solemnity. Mystery in everything! Faith the only star in the darkness of incertitude. To confer happiness and do good, there is our law, our anchor of safety, our beacon light, the reason of our being. All religions may crumble away, so long as that subsists we have still an ideal and life is worth living.

I speak of this passage as a keynote because Amiel, years before his comparatively early death, realized that he had not long to live; and throughout the second volume his writing is most pathetic and touching, the beauties of nature are described with affectionate lingering and longing by one who is departing from them, his musings are tinged with sadness, often brightened by resignation, his philosophy

is that of a man who is neither of one world nor the other, his mind is uninfluenced by external considerations, and his soul becomes palpable. Perhaps never before has there been so vivid a realization in words of the pathos of existence, and we get to sorrow with him, to rejoice with him, to love him, to grieve over his approaching end, and to feel his loss with keenest grief. We close the volume with a sigh, recognizing that here was a beautiful soul.

The following passages, full of thought and suggestion, are taken almost at random from different parts of the journal :

To do easily that which is difficult for others is talent, to do that which it is impossible for talent to accomplish is genius.

He who wishes to see with perfect clearness before determining can never determine. Who does not accept regret accepts not life.

The duty which thou seest is binding upon thee the moment thou seest it.

Latent genius is only a presumption. All that can be ought to be, otherwise it is nothing.

What we call small things are the cause of great, for they are the commencement of them, the embryo; and the starting point of existences ordinarily decides all their future. A black point is the beginning of a gangrene, of a hurricane, of a revolution,—a point without more. A small misunderstanding may finally result in hatred and a divorce. An enormous avalanche commences by the detachment of an atom; the destruction of a town by the spark of a match. Almost everything proceeds from almost nothing. Only the first crystallization is work of genius, the ulterior aggregation is an affair of the mass, of attraction, of speed acquired, of mechanical acceleration. History, like Nature, demonstrates the application of the law of inertia and of agglomeration, thus jestingly formulated—Nothing succeeds like success. . . . Have luck, for hazard plays an immense *rôle* in the affairs of men. Those who are among the most successful men in the world's history (Napoleon, Bismarck) avow it : calculation is not without use, but hazard impudently mocks calculation, and the result of a combination is by no means necessarily proportionate to its merit. From the supernatural point of view it is said this pretended chance is the work of God. Man proposes but God disposes. The misfortune is that this presumed intervention causes the stranding of zeal, virtue, devotion, and the success of crime, stupidity, egotism, as often as not. Rude test for faith, which in face of it recoils with the word Mystery on its lips.

Impartiality and objectivity are as rare as justice, of which they are only two particular forms. Interest is an inexhaustible source of complaisant illusions. The number of those who wish to see the truth is extraordinarily small. Fear of truth dominates mankind, at least fear that the truth may not be useful

to them. Interest is the leading principle of vulgar philosophy, or, in other words, truth is made for us, not we for the truth. . . . Humanity has always put to death or persecuted those who have disturbed its interested quietude, and is only ameliorated in spite of itself. The only progress it wishes is the increase of its enjoyments. All progress in justice, in morality, in holiness, has either been imposed or extorted by some noble violence. Sacrifice, which is the luxury of great souls, has never been the law of societies. . . . We have only overturned visible idols. Perpetual sacrifice still everywhere goes on, and everywhere the *élite* of the generations suffer for the well-being of the multitude. It is the austere, sad, mysterious law of solidarity.

With regard to France he writes in 1873 that—

Her fundamental error is in her psychology. She has always believed that a thing said was a thing done, as if rhetoric stood for thoughts, habits, character, the real being; as if verbiage replaced will, conscience, education. She makes only phrases and ruins. She will not see that her inability to organize liberty comes from her own nature, from the notions she has of the individual, of society, of religion, of right, of duty, and from the manner in which she brings up her children. Her fashion is to plant trees by the head and to be astonished at the result. Universal suffrage, with a bad religion and a bad popular education, is the perpetual see-saw between anarchy and a dictator, between red and black, between Danton and Loyola.

One night he dreams a long time in the moonlight, which floods his chamber full of confused mystery, and remarks that—

The condition of soul into which that fantastic luminary plunges us is itself so uncertain and indistinct, that, with regard to it, analysis gropes and hesitates. It is indefinite, unseizable, something like the sound of waves formed of a thousand sounds mixed and harmonized. It is the re-echo of all the unsatisfied desires of the soul, of all the dull, heavy heart pains united in a vague sound which expires in vaporous murmurs. All those imperceptible plaints of which we do not become really conscious, in the aggregate produce results, they translate the sentiment of something wanting, of aspiration, they are the sound resulting from our melancholy. In youth these æolian vibrations are sounds of hope, proof that these thousand indiscernible accents compose the fundamental note of our being and sound the key of our whole situation.

He continues—

Tell me what thou experiencest in thy solitary chamber when the full moon visits thee, and thy lamp is extinguished, and I will tell thee thy age, and I shall know whether thou art happy.

I have chosen this passage in preference to many fine descriptions of the seasons and of the scenery of his beautiful land and elsewhere, because it illustrates a common

tendency of the introspectives, that of moonlight reverie. Obermann, also in Switzerland, goes out in the night time, and tells us that "all a mortal heart could contain of needs and profound *ennuis* he felt and experienced that memorable night." And many strange thoughts he gives us as a consequence of that moonlight ramble. Also one of the finest passages of Maurice de Guérin is where he describes a winter evening's walk on the coast of Brittany. "There," he says, "all the sweet and heavenly melancholies entered into my soul with the music of the ocean, and my spirit strayed as in a paradise of dreams." And that these are experiences of reality I myself can testify. Ineffaceable from memory is a walk I took years ago by the winding Wye, one glorious moonlight night in Autumn. Along I went by the river side till Haddon was reached, and then, in the quaint old garden there, I walked, now in the soft warm light of the yellow moon that it seemed I could almost touch, now in the sombre shadow of mysterious woods or of the gloomy, silent, deserted mansion, the only sounds breaking the silence being the weird hooting of the owls and the sad sighing of the trees. Long I stayed in that ghostly garden, filled with strange thoughts and fancies, with impulses, desires, and longing, unbidden and inexpressible; I was in another world. And I need scarcely add that I was younger then.

Many acute and interesting reflections on authorship, on critics, and criticism, from time to time occur in the journal. Here are some thoughts on composition. Having been working at an article on Madame de Staël, which appeared some time afterward, he declares that to compose demands a concentration and a fluidity he does not possess. He says:

I cannot fuse my material and my ideas. But the imperious domination of the thing is indispensable if one wishes to give it form. It is necessary to brutalize one's subject, as it were, and not to tremble lest one does wrong to it. It is necessary to transmute it into its proper substance. That kind of confident

effrontery fails me. All my nature tends to impersonality, which respects the object and subordinates itself thereto, from love of truth I dread to conclude, to decide. Then I constantly retrace my steps, instead of running forward I turn in a circle. I fear to have forgotten a point, used some forced expression, put a word in its wrong place, while it is necessary to see the essential and view the thing as a whole. I know not how to make the sacrifice, nor to abandon what should be abandoned. Hurtful timidity, deceitful consciousness, fatal minuteness. Really I have never reflected upon the art of making an article, a study, a book, nor followed methodically the apprenticeship of an author; that would have been useful to me, and I have been ashamed of the useful. It has been as if I were afraid to discover the secret of the masters of the art, and to dismember their *chef d'œuvre*. When I think that I have always adjourned the serious study of the art of writing in consequence of trembling before it and through secret love for its beauty, I am vexed with my stupidity and my stupid respect. Training and routine would have given me ease, assurance, gaiety, without which *verve* is extinguished. On the contrary, I have taken to two opposed habits of mind, scientific analysis which exhausts the matter and the immediate noting up of floating impressions. The art of composition lies between these two: it requires the living unity of the thing and sustained labour of thought.

Familiar with many languages and literatures, full of erudition and a master of style, Amiel is most admirable as a literary critic, and the journal abounds with book criticism of the greatest interest and value. One of the finest examples of his critical power is his comparison of Chateaubriand and Rousseau, a brilliant analysis in terse and pregnant sentences. Mrs. Humphrey Ward some time ago quoted this criticism in an able article contributed by her to *Macmillan's Magazine*, and I may here mention that a translation of Amiel by Mrs. Ward is on the eve of publication.

Here and there Amiel also gives us musical criticism, evidencing a fine appreciation of different masters. For instance, after hearing *Tannhäuser*, he says that—

Wagner is a powerful spirit, with high poetic feeling. His work is even more poetical than musical. The suppression of the lyric element, and, consequently, of melody, is with him a systematic conviction. There remain only declamation, recitative, and chorus. To avoid the conventional in song, Wagner falls back on another convention, that of not singing. He subordinates the voice to the articulated word, and from fear lest the muse should take flight cuts her wings. So his works are symphonic dramas rather than operas. It is

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music depersonalized, Neo-Hegelian, crowd-music, in place of individual-music. So it may well be the music of the future, the music of the socialist democracy, replacing aristocratic, heroic, or subjective art.

This leads me to quote some eloquent reflections on Democracy occurring in the first volume, showing how little he had in common with the Swiss Republicans, whose appointment of him to the professorial chair had such unfortunate results. He has been reading the work of De Tocqueville, *Democracy in America*, and, after criticising the style of that author, he goes on to remark that—

The time of great men is going, the epoch of the ant-hill of life in multiplicity is coming. The age of individualism, if abstract equality triumphs, runs a great risk of seeing no more true individuals. By continual levelling and division of labour society will become everything and man nothing. As the floor of the valleys is raised by the denudation and washing down of the mountains so what is average will rise at the expense of what is great. The exceptional will disappear. A plateau with fewer and fewer undulations, without contrasts or oppositions—such will be the future aspect of human society. The statistician will register a growing progress and the moralist a gradual decline; on the one hand a progress of things, on the other a decline of souls. The useful will take the place of the beautiful, industry of art, political economy of religion, and arithmetic of poetry. The spleen will become the malady of the equalitarian age. Is this, indeed, the fate reserved for the democratic era? May not the general well-being be purchased too dearly at such a price? Creation which we see in the beginning for ever tending to develop and multiply differences, will she in the end return upon her steps and efface them one by one? And equality, which in the dawn of existence is mere inertia, torpor, and death, is it to become at last the natural form of life? Or rather above the economic and political equality to which the socialist and non-socialist democracy aspires, taking it too often for the term of its efforts, will there not arise a new kingdom of the mind, a church of refuge, a republic of souls, in which, far beyond the region of mere right and sordid utility, beauty, devotion, holiness, heroism, enthusiasm, the extraordinary, the infinite, shall have a worship and an abiding city? Utilitarian materialism, barren well-being, the idolatry of the flesh and of self, of the temporal and of mammon, are they to be the goal of our efforts, the final recompense promised to the labours of our race? I do not believe it. The ideal of humanity is something different and higher. But the animal in us must be satisfied first, and we must first banish from among us all suffering which is superfluous and has its origin in social arrangements, before we can return to spiritual ideals.

Here I must bring my quotations to a close, feeling, however, that after all I have given but an imperfect idea of a

very uncommon and a very charming book. There are not many such writers, indeed in our own literature we have scarcely any examples. The Literature of Introspection, as it has been well termed, is not large, but what there is of it is worth studying and preserving. It has been questioned, whether these morbid states of mind, these tortures of the soul, do produce anything that is good for us to know. I contend that they do, for the reason that such exceptional experiences, generally so dearly bought, are contributions to the solution of vastly important problems with which the world is to-day more greatly concerned than ever it was in its history. Old theories, old beliefs and systems, are changing and disappearing, and every such contribution is a help towards the better understanding of the inner life and all influences bearing thereupon, towards bringing about those higher developments of thought and of action, of knowledge and of conduct, of society and of government, that shall make a far happier world than to-day exists.



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